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VOLUME 24 NUMBER 5

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YUMMY BIG LICKS!

BRANDI LAPS IT UP AND GULPS IT DOWN

OOH LA LA!

TINA'S YOUR FRILLY FRENCH MAID

OASIS

MASH IT UP WITH THE MAD MANCS

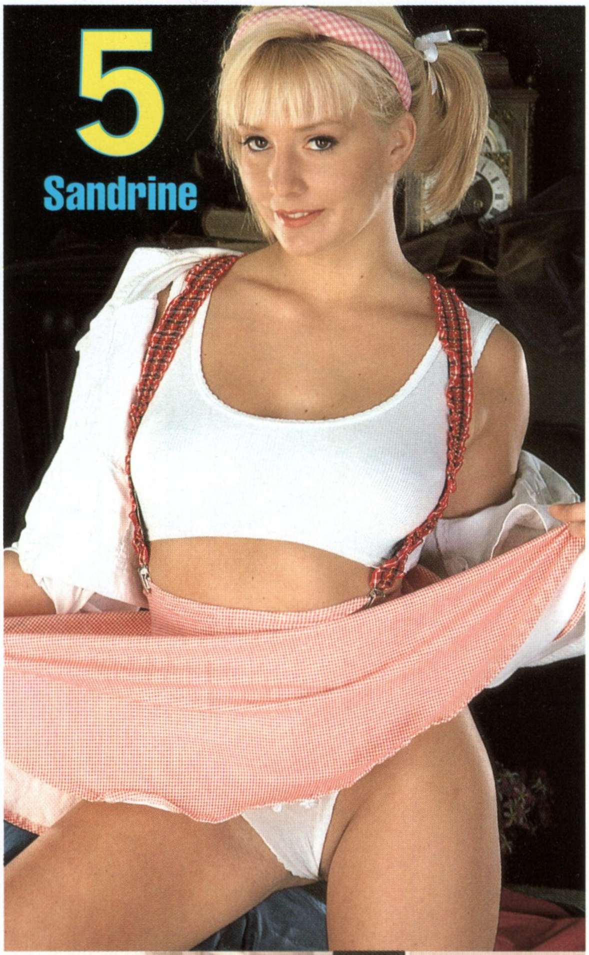
FASHION ISSUE!

UNDRESS TO IMPRESS

THE SEXIEST GIRLS STRIP **FIRST** FOR CLUB

THIS MONTH IN CLUB
TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL
Volume Twenty FourR Number Five



5
Sandrine

I've never been what you'd call trendy. When I was at school I was the one with the **big fat tie knot** when everyone else had theirs pulled tight. When everyone was getting into The Jam I bought **Marmalade**. And the only clubs that will let me in are book clubs. Okay, some people do say that I have a certain street style, but only 'cos I look like a tramp. Yes, Jean-Paul Gaultier I'm not, but I do know a **well turned-out girl** when I see one. Fashions come and fashions go but when it comes to **totty**, short skirts, black stockings and a bra two sizes too small are always in. So in this month's ravishing **Fashion Issue** of Club we've tried to give you our own view of the world of hot couture.

Slip slowly into **Clubland Capers**, Phil Strongman's upside-down look at trendy bastards on the town. Listen to a slice of the latest dance craze, **Porno House**, discussed in the usual in-depth way in James T Bone's music column. Try on two hundred pounds worth of trendy

12
Tina

36
Marie

Thought of the month:
Q: What do you call two Feminists doing the washing up?
A: A start
Lilly, Liverpool 8

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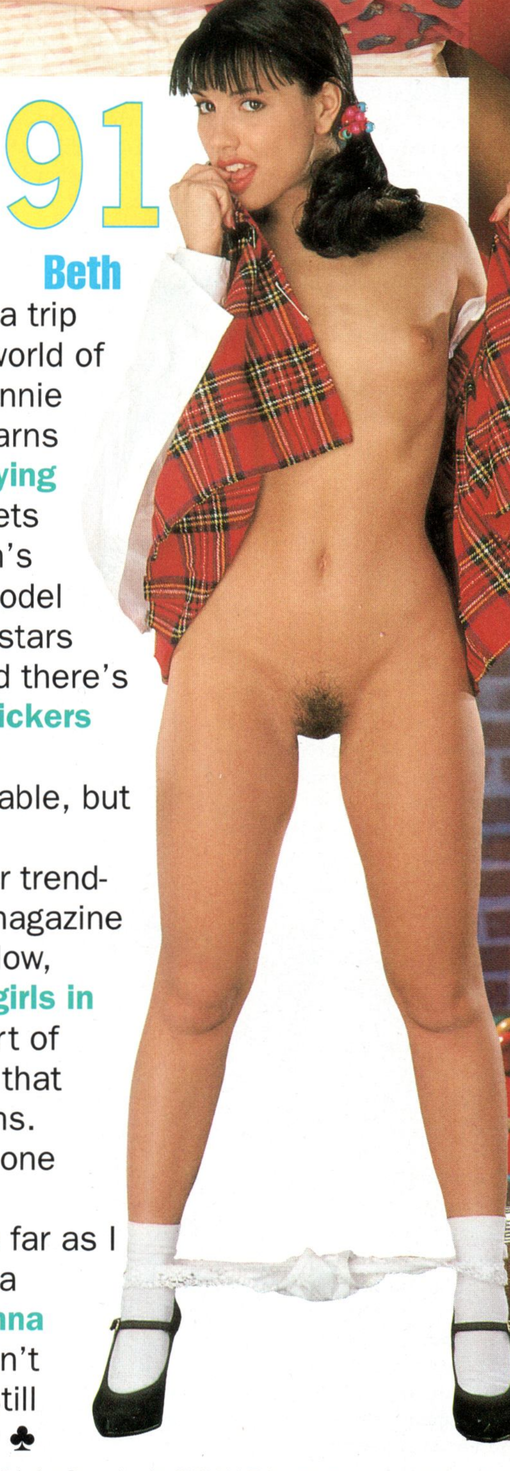

tat in **Sticking The Boot In**, a search for cool amongst the crap at a Manchester car boot sale. Then take a trip through the whirling world of **fashion rags** with Johnnie Watts. Matt Moore warns of the pitfalls of **fancying yourself** when he meets the remains of Britain's most famous male model and thanks his lucky stars he's an ugly mug. And there's even a profile of **hip lickers Oasis** which could be construed as fashionable, but probably not.

All in all it's another trend-setting issue of the magazine that all the others follow, packed with **dreamy girls in the buff** doing the sort of things to themselves that give us all big hard ons.

In fact there's only one thing wrong with this month's magazine as far as I can see. There's not a single mention of **Donna from Elastica**. But don't worry, Dons, baby, I still love you! – The Editor ♣

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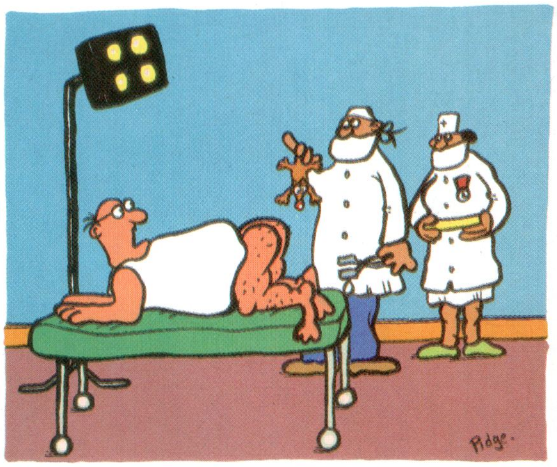
in the bag

We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 8JJ

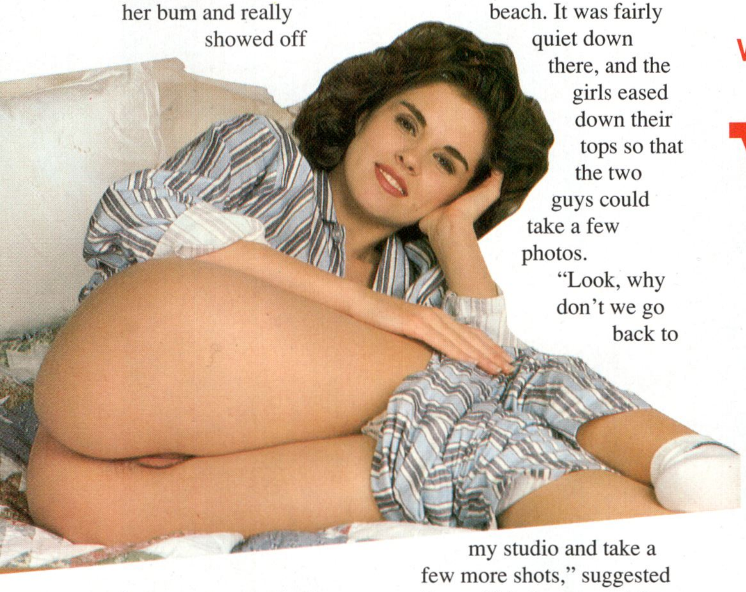


What about his wheel?

WATCH THE BIRDIES!

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the centrefold in the latest issue of Club (Vol 24 No 3). Eighteen-year-old Gaby looks identical to my girlfriend, Michelle, and could almost be her twin sister. Funnily enough, Michelle is also a model and she has Club to thank for launching her new modelling career, albeit indirectly.

You see, a few years ago you featured a gorgeous girl in the magazine who was dressed in a skimpy pair of cut-off denims. The shorts were pulled tight up around her bum and really showed off her curves to perfection. Michelle and her friend, Clara, loved the look and they both took to parading around in skimpy shorts. Last summer, the three of us headed down to Brighton and Michelle and Clara wore identical cut-off denim shorts and tight tee-shirts.



They looked great as they paraded along the prom. The shorts were so brief that their firm, rounded bum cheeks looked marvellous and their pussies were almost visible from the front. They are both busty girls too, and they were soon attracting loads of admiring glances from fellas.

While gazing over the side of the pier, two guys with cameras walked up and asked for their autographs and a photo. "You are Page 3 girls, aren't you?" asked one of the lads.

"Who? Us?" laughed Michelle.

Before she had a chance to say anything else, Clara elbowed her gently in the ribs. "Of course we are," piped up Clara. "Would you like to photograph us topless? Why don't we go down to the beach, fellas."

Well, Terry and Steve looked pretty chuffed as they eagerly followed Michelle and Clara down onto the beach. It was fairly quiet down there, and the girls eased down their tops so that the two guys could take a few photos.

"Look, why don't we go back to my studio and take a few more shots," suggested Steve. "It's just around the corner." Michelle and Clara looked at me for support and I nodded. "Why not?" I said.

Michelle and Clara became a little coy once we got inside Steve's well-equipped studio, but they soon forgot all about the cameras and began to get into the swing of things. As Steve urged them on, they became even more bold and began to touch each other. Michelle ran her fingers over Clara's breasts and down towards her pussy. As Clara spread her legs, Michelle eased a finger inside her tight twat and began to gently frig her. Their behaviour became even more outrageous – soon they were practically fucking each other!

Steve couldn't resist it for a moment longer. "Can I join you?" he asked excitedly. Michelle looked towards me and I nodded happily. He began by gently massaging Michelle's tits and then moving his mouth to meet her nipples. It was an incredible turn-on to watch my girlfriend getting seduced by another man. I unbuttoned my trousers and began to wank myself off.

Terry was encouraging Steve to enter Michelle now. "I want to take some close-up shots," he said, pointing the camera towards them. Michelle held open her pussy lips while Steve slowly eased his thick cock inside her. After a few long, deep strokes to get into the rhythm, Michelle wrapped her legs around his waist and he began penetrating her deeply. Her face was contorted with pleasure and I could see she was close to orgasm. Just then, Terry came from behind the camera and stripped off to join them. He knelt down and offered his cock to Michelle's lips and she greedily accepted it, running her tongue around his helmet and then sucking him hard.

I joined in at this point too. I've always fancied Clara and I could hardly wait to taste her wet pussy. I practically dived between her legs and began lashing my tongue against her clitty. Her loud moans filled the room as I pushed my tongue deep into

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Wannabe a pop star? **Winston Jack** prescribes a dose of Theremin for instant fame

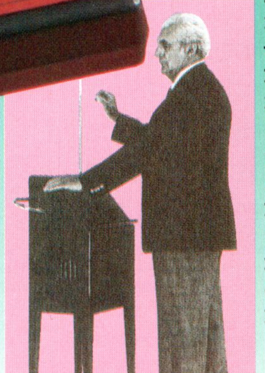
GOOD VIBRATIONS

THEREMIN
Pw.Volume
Output
Frequency Adjust

The Theremin is best remembered for its eerie, high-pitched solo throughout horror films and the Beach Boys' anthem, *Good Vibrations*. Since then, this bizarre hard-to-find electronic instrument has gained cult status, appearing on critically acclaimed records by the John Spencer Blues Explosion and Portishead.

The user controls the Theremin's sound by moving their hands around the instrument's antenna, creating electronic feedback madness. Where the hands are moved determines the pitch and intensity of the instrument's electronic notes. The exact pitch of the note is controlled by a dial at the instrument's base. And let's face it, anyone can do that.

The Theremin was originally developed by exiled Russian in America, Dr Leon Theremin. The instrument gained acceptance quickly in musical circles. Dr Theremin's lover Clara Rockmore became the instrument's first virtuoso, and the Theremin was set to become part of the mainstream music industry until its creator was kidnapped by the KGB. Dr Theremin was taken back to Russia and sentenced to hard labour for being a traitor. Meanwhile, Clara stood by him in



her hole and licked her out.

Clara then pulled me up by the hair and kissed me full on the lips. “Fuck me good and hard,” she breathed. I plunged my cock into her blonde pussy and began thrusting long and hard. Just then I heard a loud grunt and looked over to see Terry shooting his come all over Michelle’s face and tits, and Steve rearing up and delivering his load inside her tight cunt. It was an amazing sight! Michelle looked like she was in heaven, she’d just had two cocks but she still wasn’t satisfied.

She stood up, then squatted over Clara’s face as I fucked her. Clara knew what to do and reached up, gripped her bum and stuck her tongue inside Michelle’s wet cunt. I’d never seen anything like it!

Meanwhile, both Steve and Terry were reeling off photographs like crazy and cheering in approval. I could feel myself coming

continued on page 90

America, refusing companies’ offers to produce the instrument because their remakes were of an inferior quality.

This condemned the instrument to relative obscurity, with original models being sold for up to £10,000 until now. Recently, in the wake of Portishead’s critical acclaim, the instrument has seen a resurgence of interest. An inexpensive remake can be bought for fifty quid, and there is even talk of an English manufacturer who’s ready to reproduce the Theremin. Some people think that the development of the Theremin is a piss-in-the-wind fad, but then they said that about the electric guitar too. I hope it happens and that the late Dr Theremin finally gets the recognition he deserves. Let’s make the Theremin the sound of the suburbs in 1995! ♣

sandrine

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Make the most of these sensational shots of Sandrine, fellas. This is the last you are going to see of the saucy student for quite some time.

"I've imposed a strict sex ban whilst I work for my finals," says the 21-year-old Leicester undergraduate. "Sorry, guys, but I just can't concentrate on work when I'm with a bloke. I start getting to grips with

Cartesian philosophy then my mind strays on to the slow steady fuck that I was enjoying the night before!

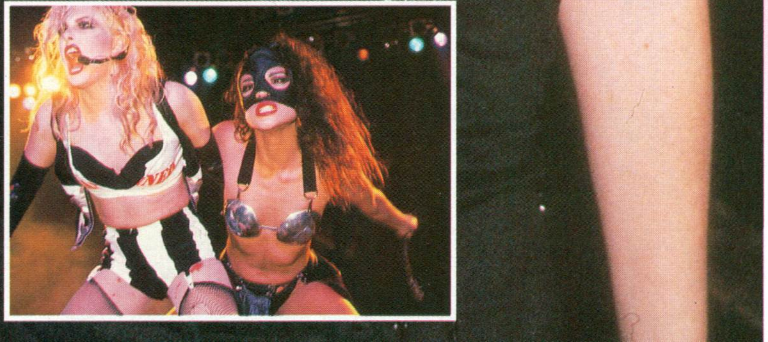
"Suddenly the only thing I can think about is his cock and what he's going to do with it next time. If I'm gonna get a BSc in anything other than bonking, lads, you'll have to go without until June!"

No problem, Sandrine, the best things in life are worth waiting for! ♣

gorgeous

If you haven't heard of Fem 2 Fem before, then you must either be blind or from another planet. Up until recently the 'lipstick lesbians' (*Vogue*) from Los Angeles have been seen and not heard, but that changed last month when the band finally brought their erotic lesbian chic to London for four nights.

Fem 2 Fem's Lynn Pompey and Christina Minna had promised naked dancers and a sexy show that was guaranteed to have the sweat dripping from the walls of The Astoria. Sadly that changed when Westminster Council took exception to the band's overtly sexy act, and effectively banned them from performing their original show. Instead the Fems took to the stage in skimpy T-shirts and tiny shorts bearing the logos 'Banned by Westminster Council' and ran through an energetic six-song set that the crowd seemed to lap up – even if it wasn't exactly what they were expecting. Still, here's a bit of what we missed. ♣



GRAN AIR

Meet Radio Two's Flying Eye! It's 101-year-old Maggie Baird who passed her pilot's licence and immediately took up the task of reporting on the traffic problems for the easy listening station.

Every morning she'll be checking on wheelchair space on the prom at Bexhill, tailbacks at the post office pension counter and hold-ups caused by multi-trolley pile-ups in Sainsbury's. Her Piper Cesspit means she can be first to any scene such as the vast spillage caused by a party of incontinent pensioners going on the Nemesis ride at Alton Towers. Another first for Radio Two – the hot milky drink of the airwaves.

Needless to say this is total crap. In fact it's just another picture of a babbling old biddy going up in an aircraft to celebrate her 100th birthday. But we thought our idea was funnier – just. ♣

FLEA AND BISCUITS

This one's for real. It's a doggy deli with a range big enough to give every dog a bone. The PETCO bakery specialises in fillers for Fido and is such a bow-wow it has opened a pie and cake shop. Most popular products are the kitten-shaped dog biscuits, lamb and rice birthday cake with liver icing and their selection of cup cakes in seven different flavours from bedroom slipper to postman's arse. A water fountain provides constant liquid refreshment but doggy bags are not provided.

If that isn't sad enough, the boutique next door offers jewel encrusted collars and Laura Ashley covered bedding for owners with more money than brain cells. Get a life, eh? A dog's life. ♣

ANOTHER BUST BUSINESS

Every time Rick Cresswell makes a boob, he makes money. The Londoner earns a healthy wad by asking women back to his place, insisting they whap their tits out, getting them plastered and then demanding money off them. And it works! 'Cos Randy Rick is a plasterer with a difference! He makes moulds of mamms!

The saucy sculptor takes tits, pours plaster of paris over them and waits for it to harden (the plaster, that is, tee-hee). Then he sells them to the owner or her boyfriend. Sticky Ricky says he'll create a cast of any part of the body – here he's doing Justine's jugs as a present for her fella after he passed his driving test. If you want to see examples of his work then take a look in the Tate Gallery. His model of Faith Brown is currently acting as speed bumps in the car park. ♣

CLUBLAND CAPERS!

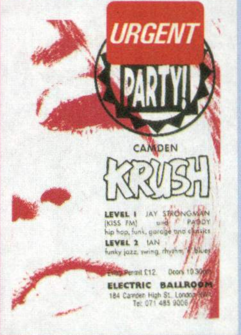
Man-about-town **Phil Strongman** throws open his seedy social diary for a dip into the delights of hipdom

SATURDAY 5pm

I run into Mike from trendy clobber shop Acupuncture in London's West End. We exchange weekend horror stories. His was spent vegetating, smoking vast quantities of dope and watching his flatmates fight each over the last Rizla. We both decide this is the saddest way to spend your free time until I remember Myladon, a friend of mine who is named after a mythical creature with a hollow tongue ('cos an ex-boyfriend once said "that girl could suck the eyeball out of your face.") Myladon spent her day off driving around Soho in a hired limo with two girlfriends, slowly and joylessly working their way through three grammes of coke. Blimey, it's a full life, isn't it?

11pm

On to Yes Please!, a club in Rathbone Place. Everyone is a friend of Menswear, mod superstars after one rehearsal and a gig at Smashing. The music is okay; psychedelic soul and acid jazz with lots of gorgeous women shaking all the right parts in all the right places. I'm there with Martin Mann – painter, merchant seaman and very heavy drinker (his business card says 'MK Mann. Artist, pissed or otherwise'). Martin spends hours with a fatherly arm draped over a 'promising young painter' called Rebecca, who just happens to be blonde and gorgeous. The lad gets nowhere with her and later claims he wasn't chatting her up but trying to get Panic a gig. The fact that I manage a band called Panic is now Martin's latest and most successful chat-up line.



URGENT
PARTY!
CAMDEN
KRUSH
LEVEL 1 JAY STRONGMAN (KISS FM) and PADDY
hip hop, funk, garage and classics
LEVEL 2 IAN
funky jazz, swing, rhythm 'n' blues
Entry Permit £12 Doors 10.30pm
ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 Camden High St. London NW1
Tel: 071 485 9006

2am

Martin is now shit faced and, since I can't face another night of him burning my sofa down, I take him to a hotel in Finsbury Park. The staff there growl, then grudgingly accept his £17.50. "They seem to remember you," I say, as he falls into his room and begins skinning a huge joint.

"Yeah," he smiles. "I was here last night, smoking the same stuff and I was too wasted to reach the toilet."

So you pissed out of the window?

"Nah, nothing that bad. I just had a crap in the sink... Wanna puff?"

FRIDAY 10pm

Panic are playing at The Conservatory. Former Sex Pistol Glenn Matlock is there and wants to work with the group, but I haven't got time to talk. Everything that can go wrong is going wrong. Our lead singer has shot his voice because he was too busy drinking beer to warm up before the soundcheck. Wise guy.

11pm

Everybody's applauding like crazy, but the drums can't be heard while the rest of the band seem to be uptight. I suspect it's 'cos some of their young female fans haven't turned up. There are some good signs though. Simon Garget, an ex-punk who shoots adverts, loves Panic. "They're even better than Knitwear." "Knitwear? You mean Menswear.." "Oh yeah, them too."

12.30 am

Wheeler-dealer and candid cameraman George emerges from the throng, but minus his camera. "Christ, didn't you film 'em?" I ask.

"I did bring some video tape," he explains. "But I forgot the video camera." He apologises and offers me a line of charlie, the first I've had for ages. It reacts with the half bottle of brandy I've drunk and I can't prevent amiable chats turning into vicious arguments. Take the promising conversation I had with one A&R man. He's been praising Panic all night. "They're really exciting," he says. But I can't take stop myself over-reacting to his well-meant praise. "Listen to what I'm saying," I snarl aggressively.

"No!" he snaps. "You listen!"

"No!" I scream, jabbing my finger into his shoulder. "You (jab) listen (jab) to me!" It's not quite an assault but he takes it that way and leaves.

SATURDAY 11.45pm

The crush at the Krush Club, Camden is serious. Still, it's not totally unpleasant to have some bright young things forcing themselves against you at the bar. One girl really stood out. Her name was Mary. She was dressed in a mini-dress so short it would have appealed to a gynaecologist. She seemed nice and easy-going too, but a few minutes later our conversation soon blew that out of the water.

"Do you know Jamie? The singer who used to come here?" she asked.

"Yeah. What's he doing now?"

"Oh, he's really found himself," she purred. "He's one of the biggest drug dealers around."

"That's fucking great," I sneered.

"Don't be like that," she said. "James helped me to appreciate movies. I'd never really seen *Pulp Fiction* till I met him."

"Whatcha mean?" I asked.

"The Director's Cut of *Pulp Fiction*?"

"No, I mean you haven't really seen it until you've seen it backwards."

"Backwards?"

"Oh yeah," she said. "On acid."

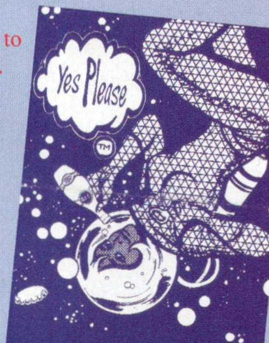
"Mary, exactly what colour is the sky on your planet?"

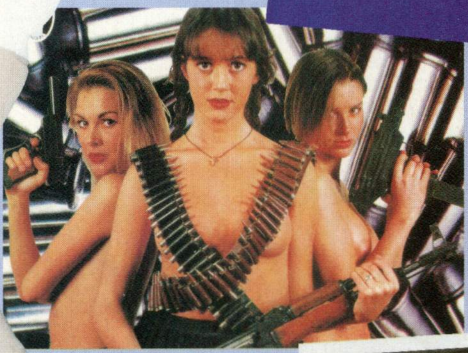
"I don't believe in planets."

How do they find me? The girl undulating against me obviously has more hang-ups than a branch of Sketchleys. On the other hand, anyone with legs like that couldn't be all bad. Or maybe she didn't believe in legs! Or sex... Shit.

"The other thing about *Pulp Fiction*," she whispered. "Is it's really good to fuck to."

She smiled meaningfully. I wasn't dressed for a trip to hyperspace so I made my excuses and stayed.♣





Rebeca Haney on Stairs at Yes Please!

Dancing at Krush in Camden

Photographs by Maria Clarke

tina hayes

sex babe!

Hiya, fellas, it's your frilly French maid here ready to rub up your bedknob and flick my feather duster around your knick-knacks!

Seriously, I never understood why guys found French maid gear so sexy until I tried it on. The short skirt and lashings of lace made me feel really flirty and feminine, and I couldn't help behaving like a saucy little tart! The thought of playing the servile servant to some masterful man soon had me soaking my satin skimpies, so let's give it a go...

Please tell me what you would like me to do for you next, sir? Lift my skirt and show you my pulsing pussy? Of course, sir! Now take off my dress? There you go. Oooh! You look a little stiff. Would you like me to give you a massage? There. Now let me undress you and put you to bed. Mmm, looks like you need something to cuddle up to, sir. If it wouldn't be too presumptuous, let me join you. Feeling better? Now if there's something else you'd like me to do before we go to sleep...

Any ideas? I certainly have!

Tina xx

If you want TINA to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 8JJ. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.

letters to tina

Dear Tina,
The pictures of you relaxing by the pool in the latest issue of Club (Vol 23 No 3) could mean only one thing – summer's coming, and soon I was too! You looked absolutely stunning in your bikini and I could write pages telling you how sexy you made me feel, but I'd rather show you.

I have a recurring fantasy that I come home one night and find you lying wrapped in the silk sheets of my king-size bed. It's a warm summer's night and you're feeling very hot and turned on. You push away the covers leaving you lying with your legs splayed on the white sheets in a flimsy see-through teddy, your nipples protruding through the thin material.

I move onto the bed and peel off the teddy, before moving down between your legs and then I begin to eat your pussy, tongueing your clit as you climax over and over again. Finally I slide my cock between your pussy lips, feeling your tight cunt muscles gripping my cock as we fuck frenziedly.

Okay, Tina, so it's only a dream at the moment, but please make my fantasy come true and pose for some pictures in a slinky white nightdress whilst writhing sexily on white silk sheets. – *Paul, High Wycombe*

I love to roll around on silk sheets, Paul, especially if there's someone else there to roll around with me! I think the two of us could make those smooth sheets all wet and sticky if you promise to fuck me as hard and fast as you can. I hope you'll let me taste your cock too – now that would make it perfect!

Dear Tina,
Every time I see your photos in Club, you have my cock working overtime! You really are my idea of a perfect woman: that blonde hair, nice firm tits, gorgeous round bum and a sweet well-groomed pussy always has me desperate for more.

My fantasy starts when I walk into the bathroom just as you begin lathering up your pussy ready for a trim. I ask if I can be of any assis-

tance, and you hand me the razor as you slowly finger your cunt. You sit with your legs spread wide and I begin to shave your pussy lips. By the time I'm finished, your juices are running down over your thighs, so I give you a good tongueing.

Rolling you over onto your hands and knees, I pause to gaze at your smooth pussy before rubbing the head of my cock along the crack of your bum. Then I ease my cock inside your hole and we fuck like there's no tomorrow. I make you come first, before spurting my seed inside you as we both fall to the floor exhausted. How about it, Tina, I've got my razor and shaving foam ready! – *Graham, Kent*

I hope you've got a steady hand, Graham, because shaving my pussy would get me so horny that I'd be squirming around in my chair. It's fun to get a fella to shave my pussy, but afterwards you'd have to promise to find out how it feels – but fucking me all night. Sounds like a fair deal, huh? – Tina ♣

Who's in the House?

Getting down and dirty on the dancefloor is the latest craze to hit the club scene. **James T Bone** tuned in and got turned on to porno house...

Are you a dance music fan? If so, I wonder if you're as confused as I am. Along with the hundreds of dance records released every week, new genres are being invented in the hope that they'll appeal to a more specific market. House, techno, hardtrance, jungle, ambient, handbag, hardhouse, garage – it's turning record buyers into trainspotters. Anyway, *MixMag*, the essential dance music bible, has picked out another category, although we hope this one'll stay around for more than the mandatory fifteen minutes. Yes people, it had to happen – porno house is here!

According to *MixMag*, porno house was spawned by 20 Fingers and their single, *Short Dick Man*. Since then the country's dancefloors have been pumping to the likes of Outhere Brothers' *Fuk You In The Ass* and Robert Armani's *I've Got A Big Dick*. But is dirty listening just a passing phase? The dance community seems split...

One of the country's leading DJs, Paulette, has no qualms about playing rude records. "It's not that men didn't like *Short Dick Man*," she says, "it's the fact that women liked it. Some of these records are very positive. Although look at *Fuk You In The Ass*, if a man said that to me I'd slap him in the chops!"

"They're just novelty records," says Dave Haslam, a Manchester-based DJ. "I wouldn't play *The Birdie Song*, so I don't see why I should play *Short Dick Man*."

Whatever the opinions, it's not a trend that's likely to go away just yet. "You can't just go out and pick someone up anymore," says Paulette. "Now you go home, read a book and use your right hand. You're getting more sex on vinyl because it's the safest way to do it."

THE TOP PORNO HOUSE SINGLES

Morel's Grooves Vol. 3: *To The Waistline*
Ride Committee: *Love To Do It*
Black Trax 4: *Suck It*
Karen Finley: *Lick It*
20 Fingers: *Short Dick Man*
Outhere Brothers: *Fuk You In The Ass*
4 To The Bar: *Slam Me Baby*
(Thanks to *MixMag*.)

Porno House: birding songs

Menswear: shirt lifters?

● Remember our Easy Listening issue a few months back? Well, it seems that where Club leads, everyone else follows. No sooner had our issue hit the top shelf when Time Out, Tatler and The Big City (a crap listings programme on Carlton TV) did their own Easy Listening-related articles... and now we hear that there are two new Easy Listening LPs coming out this month.

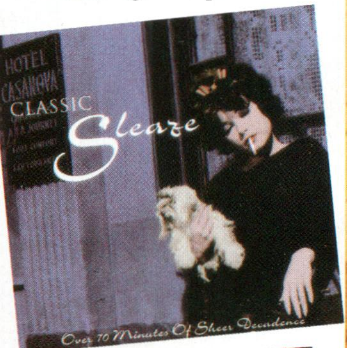
EMI have raided their vaults for *The Sound Gallery*, 24 musical masterpieces compiled by premier EL DJ, Martin Green (Smashing). The album also includes sleeve notes from Saint Etienne, Corduroy and

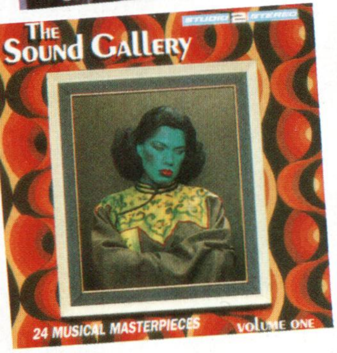
EMF: scary little monsters!

(big surprise!) Menswear.

Warner Brothers get in on the act with *Classic Sleaze*, a 20-track compilation with music from Cole Porter, Kurt Weill and Marlene Dietrich. Best track of all, though, is the theme tune from last year's Tory Party Conference.

● Talking of Menswear, the mod supergroup-without-songs released their debut single, *I'll Manage Somehow*, last month but are obviously not content with impending global superstardom. The snappily-dressed geezers are also planning to market their own line of big lick clothing, three-piece suits that will sell for around £150. Watch out Dawn French.


HOTEL
CASANOVA
CLASSIC
Sleaze
Over 70 Minutes Of Sheer Decadence


The
Sound Gallery
STUDIO 2 STEREO
24 MUSICAL MASTERPIECES
VOLUME ONE

● Finally, we all heard the news of Stephen Fry going AWOL, apparently blaming pressure of work for his midnight flit – but could his hasty departure really have had more to do with five delinquents who go by the name of EMF?

Fry went into the studio with the band and guested on their new album, *Cha Cha Cha*, a few weeks before he legged it. We'd imagine that spending a day in the studio with a band who rejoice in shoving fresh fruit up their foreskins, smoking grass until they're hospitalised and wanking furiously whilst driving at 100mph would screw anyone up, never mind a poncey Oxbridge actor. Poor lamb. ♣

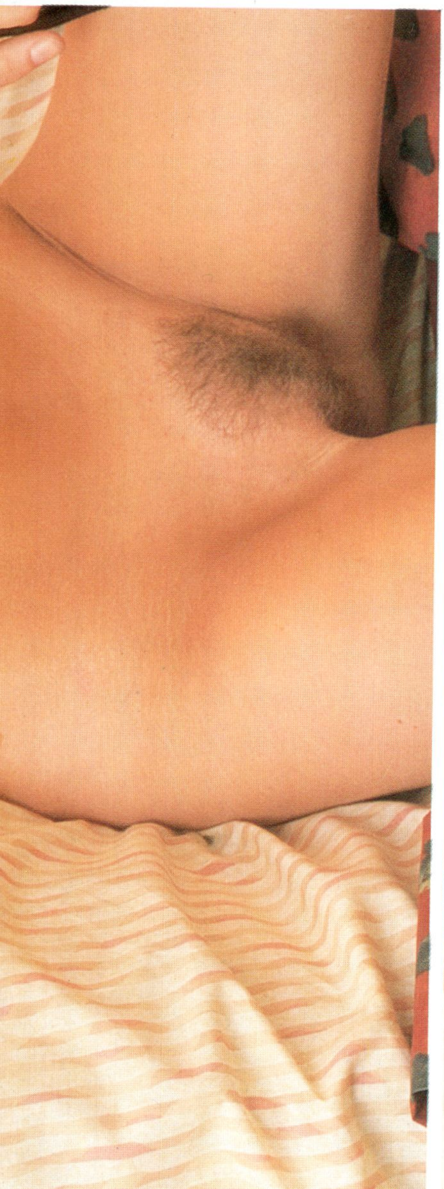
angie

Photographs by Bob Twigg

côté court

RKET

FLEA MARKET
LONDRA 1994



Our Editor may not be an expert at pulling in clubs, but now and again he strikes gold – like Angie. The 19-year-old from North London was dancing her buns off in the Ministry of Sound wearing her red hot frock when he lurched over to her.

"I thought he was just a drunken prat at first," she laughed. "And I certainly didn't believe the bollocks about editing Club. Then he suggested modelling. I'm a serious extrovert, and the idea of teasing so many guys was too good to turn down.

"I had great fun during the shoot," she gushes excitedly. "My boyfriend couldn't believe how horny I was and he wants me to do it every month – so long as his back can stand it!" ♣

STICKING THE BOOT

Two hundred quid might just buy you a Gaultier t-shirt or some Westwood strides. But take your wad to a car boot sale, says **Matt Moore**, and you'll come home with a year's supply of scoring clobber...

The plan, theoretically, was a good one; drive up to Manchester on the Friday night, get drunk on £180 (saving £20 for our purchases at the car boot sale), scoff a bellyful of chips, suet pudding and gravy and still be on our feet at the crack of dawn on Sunday. Our Mancy hosts were keen to come to the car boot sale too, but by the time me and my jolly Essex boy companion set off at 8am on Sunday morning they were already comatose. Lightweights.

We had already practised our purchasing tactics in the local Help The Aged shop the previous day. One: get straight in there amongst the pensioners, pushing and shoving where necessary; Two: spot a bargain and swoop before anyone else gets a good grip on it; Three: snatch the bargain away and start offering your cash price before the pensioners even have time to say 'Oi! I saw that first. I was just leaving it there for a moment. You wouldn't steal from the hands of an old lady, would you?' You have to be ruthlessly efficient to kit yourself out in the maelstrom of a Manchester car boot sale. But it's well worth the effort.

It's 7am and I feel completely knackered. It didn't really help that our hosts and guide were fast asleep, and that we had both forgotten where the car boot sale was...

Bowlers is a rollerskating rink in Old Trafford. Every Saturday night, Bowlers is transformed into a huge rave that plays host to five thousand out-of-their-heads teenagers. As the last of them are carried out on stretchers at 3am, preparations are already underway for the weekly car boot sale in four hours time. Actually, this huge Sunday morning sale isn't strictly the traditional car boot sale, as most of the goods aren't even sold out of cars anymore but that doesn't seem to bother the crowds of people that begin arriving early.

Two Pringle sweaters for a fiver and a pair of parachute pants!

Everybody over the age of six smokes and hundreds of old people are eating chips and gravy (even though it's only seven in the morning!). By ten o'clock Bowlers and the surrounding roads and car park are overflowing with about five different generations of mad Mancs. There's even a bar. Newcastle Brown on draught, of course. The atmosphere is electric.

Like I said earlier, Bowlers isn't the traditional car boot sale. Like the Glastonbury music festival, it's strayed from its original roots to keep up with the 20th century and Bowlers, like Brick Lane market in the East End of London, has widened its scope to include "new stuff." Of course, most of the new stuff's shit. Do you really want a pair of acid-washed Koto jeans from a bloke called Sandeep, a socket set that doesn't fit anything or a patch that says 'Keep Country Music Live'?

In between sorting through hundreds of crap records, I secure two Pringle sweaters for a fiver. For another two quid, in between Marlboros, I pick up a pair of parachute pants. Already for seven quid I've got a classy new outfit for a night on the piss, and I've even got a change of sweater if I happen to throw up on the one I'm wearing.

Before Larry 'Oooh, shut that door' Grayson started presenting the television favourite, *The Generation Game*, Bruce 'Nice to see you, to see you nice' Forsyth was the master of ceremony. For two pounds fifty my jolly Essex accomplice, Dave, picks up Bruce Forsyth's *Generation Game*, the board game. The jammy bastard!

Two mini statues of cocks (birds, that is), a shit socket set, a Union Jack bedspread, chips and gravy and an ugly Gonk doll that flashes its eyes if you squeeze it, later and Dave grabs my attention. "I've just seen a Mickey Mouse children's drum set, should I buy it? Four quid..."

"Whaddya mean, should I buy it? Of course you fucking should!" I tell him earnestly.

MOTORHEAD T-SHIRT
1 POUND
FREE ERIC CANTONA
GENERATION GAME
2.50

Rule number one at the car boot sale, never hesitate. If you think you might like it, move in and attack. "I'll give you two quid," I say. As we get the money out of our pockets, we're pipped by a fraction of a second by a family of eight. Picking our jaws up off the floor we scuttle outside to smoke a fag and recoup our tactics.

In the aftermath of easy listening and the championing of records your dad hid under the bed, it's become a misconception that records at car boot sales are cool. Bullshit. Most of the records aren't worth shit. That's not to say that you can't find that obscure record you've been after for years, but for every copy of Shirley Bassey's version of *Light My Fire*, or Jean Jacques Perrey's *Moog Indigo*, you're going to have to sift through thousands and thousands of scratched-to-buggery albums of total and utter crap.

Coming up to lunchtime, we both realise we had better get out before we lose direction and start buying any old crap just because it's funny. On the way back to the car, a man is selling tee-shirts in the streets.

"Eric Cantona Is No Criminal. Four quid apiece, lads."

"Two for seven quid, mate?"

"Done."

FIVE CLASSIC CAR BOOT RECORDS TO LOOK FOR

Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Band Greatest Hits

Cheesey latin brass from the 60s. A good example of music that was often bought by the Good Life generation to bring tropical vibes into the living room.

Price: 50p, Resale price: 50p

Father Abraham in Smurfland

Smurfland's music sways between the Smurfs' helium-induced harmonies and Father Abraham's jolly spoken vocals provoking comparisons with the Beach Boys' classic, *Pet Sounds*. This 1978 release, in the aftermath of punk rock, included the tear wrenching *Pinnocchio In Smurfland*.

Price: 50p, Resale price: 30p

Your Favourite Bird Songs

Released in 1984 by the (at-the-time) cutting edge BBC Records, this LP features 40 mins of bird noises accompanied by extensive notes describing each bird and its habits.

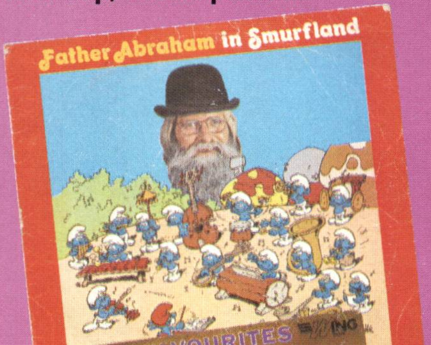
Price: 50p, Resale price: zilch

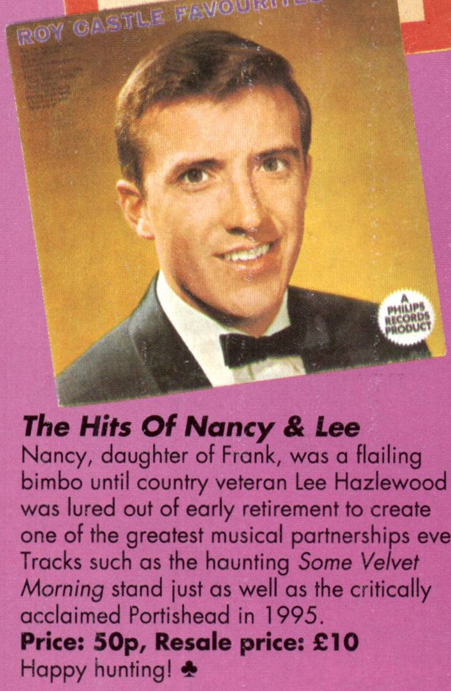
IN!

Roy Castle's Favourites

Everybody's a record breaker, and you too will want to break this record after you've heard the songs on this LP. I saw Roy at Buxton Opera House in 1977 and I've never been the same since.

Price: 50p, Resale price: nil





The Hits Of Nancy & Lee

Nancy, daughter of Frank, was a flailing bimbo until country veteran Lee Hazlewood was lured out of early retirement to create one of the greatest musical partnerships ever. Tracks such as the haunting *Some Velvet Morning* stand just as well as the critically acclaimed Portishead in 1995.

Price: 50p, Resale price: £10

Happy hunting! ♣

Brandi

Photographs by Maria Clarke

There's nothing like a quick Brandi to warm you up late at night – especially if it's a strong one like Brandi Peterson. The 22-year-old leather lover from Warwickshire admits to enjoying being a bully in boots and basque.

"I believe in being in total control of my man," she

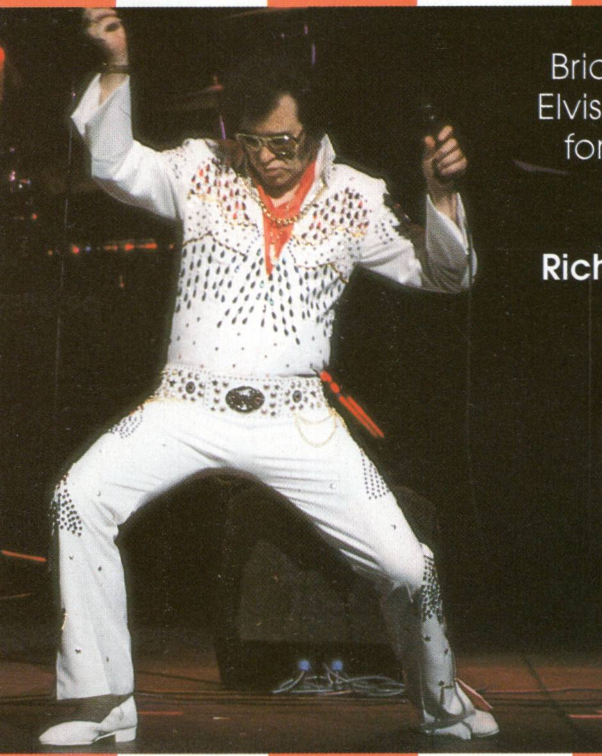
says excitedly. "I like to be on top with him forced to submit to my every single whim – tied to the bedposts if necessary!

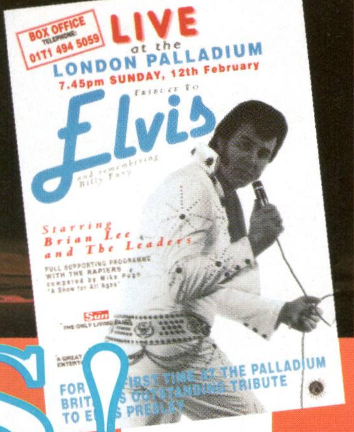
"Then I have his whole body to play with," she giggles wickedly, "ending with his cock which is usually straining to come by then. Then I have the delicious decision of where to put it to please me most."

No wonder men are cueing up to meet you, Brandi! ♣

ELVIS LIVES!

Brian Lee, the leading Elvis tribute artist, lost a fortune taking his act to the London Palladium. Rockin' **Richard Guy** reckons it was worth every penny...





BOX OFFICE TELEPHONE: 0171 494 5059
LIVE at the LONDON PALLADIUM
7.45pm SUNDAY, 12th February
Tribute to Elvis
and remembering Billy Fury
Starring Brian Lee and The Leaders
FULL SUPPORTING PROGRAMME WITH THE RAPIERS compered by Mike Pugh "A Show for All Ages"

Brian Lee is worried. It's a Sunday night and the country's leading Elvis Presley tribute artist ("I'm not an impersonator") is nervously pacing around backstage at The London Palladium with two hours to go until showtime. Having forked out to hire the world's most prestigious theatre for the evening, Brian risks losing loads of moolah and is feeling understandably nervous.

"I can't understand why it hasn't been done before," says Brian, who stands over six feet tall and looks like the bastard offspring of Elvis Presley and Mike Yarwood. "Haven't other Elvis acts got any faith in themselves?"

A lot of money at stake though, Brian...

"It's costing me £15,000," he sighs nonchalantly.

Ever been tempted to visit the States, Brian?

"You're joking," he says. "Elvises are all over the place across there! You go into a supermarket and there's The King standing in front of you in the queue."

And how does Brian think The King would have fared in the 90s if he hadn't overdosed on burgers?

"I reckon he could teach those opera singers a thing or two," insists Brian. "He would have stood there along with the three tenors... Domingo, Carreras and Presley! Doing the World Cup theme in America."

Time now to leave Brian while I hit the bar and meet the fans. The average age of the audience is knocking on for 50, but I spot one relative youngster, Jennie. She's decked out in huge dayglo Elvis badges and an Elvis T-shirt. Or at least I thought it was The King. On closer inspection I notice that it's Brian on her T-shirt. Result!

"I'm Brian Lee's number one fan," says Jennie."

Are you looking forward to seeing him tonight?

"I was so excited that I couldn't sleep last night."

When the house lights go down Jennie races to her front row seat. The crowd are expectant. You can practically smell the lust in the room; every woman in the place wants Brian Lee... NOW. They're chanting, they're waving, they're screaming "We love you!"

Brian strolls on stage and the crowd goes mental. Brian's dressed magnificently in a white jumpsuit with blue sequins and fuck-off 70s shades. Launching into the first of a dozen songs, he kung fu kicks his way to the front of the stage where superfan Jennie is waiting to present her idol with a cuddly toy. He accepts the gift, but can't reward Jennie with a kiss. "Me trousers are too tight, love," he explains. "If I bend over they'll split up the back!"

He's relishing the spotlight now and casts his eyes solemnly towards heaven. "Elvis, can you hear me, man?" he drawls. "There's a few people down here who really miss you." It's a touching moment and Brian can't hold back the tears. "Mum, I did it! I told you I'd do it..." Pure cabaret. "I love you all," he says. "I love Elvis Presley and I've lost a lot of money, but I don't care!"

What a guy... ♣

Me trousers are too tight. If I bend over they'll split right up the back!

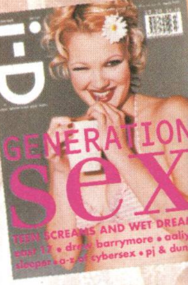
Fashion magazines, who needs them? You know the sort. I'm flicking through the pages of the latest *ID* and I glance at a blurred art wank photograph of an anorexic model's face, and in the left hand corner the small text says, 'Shoes by Paul Smith'. Shoes? For chrissakes, it's a photo of a bird's face! Style mags: can't live with them but we still keep buying them, eh?

There are now more fashion magazines than ever before, and disgruntled by my own current sartorial state and its negative response from the ladies, I went to the newsagents and sampled a range of the fashion rags we're supposed to follow...

PRAT-PO

ID £2.20

The leftovers from a one-off meal in the mid-80s that a stray dog wouldn't piss on now, *ID* may have been 'cool' in 1986 but it's just embarrassing in 1995. Pre-occupied with cyberpunk, and house music that *MixMag* wouldn't even look at, never mind listen to, *ID* is still regarded as 'radical chic' by the rich dinosaurs that hold up the fashion industry.
Man at ID: Checked jacket, backwards Kangol hat. Drinks beer in bottles. Has spots, no personality and BO.



Vogue £2.70

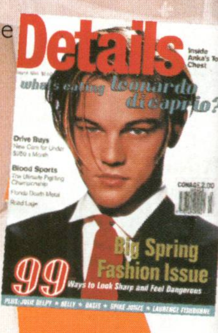
Vogue is a woman's magazine but it's certainly worth the money. Used as a fashion accessory itself, a copy of this magazine tucked under the arm shows the chicks that you're a liberated man. Full of totty.
Man at Vogue: Drag queen.

Details £2.00

The American influence is obviously to blame for the complete lack of class and style in this magazine. Typical *Details* fashion prediction: "This Spring, fashion returns to a sharper, more masculine, tailored look that's all about dressing for work and play. It's neat, but not necessarily clean. It's elegant, but not afraid to roll around in broken glass."
Man at Details: Calvin Klein head band, Gap tank top, DKNY jeans, insecurity complex, more money than sense.

Sky £1.75

Aimed equally at young men and women, *Sky* is actually quite good. Very sexy pin-ups sit alongside interesting articles that largely revolve around sex too. No page three cyberpunk articles here, the people in charge at *Sky* (the UK's biggest selling young person's fashion mag) know that sex is the priority and the only reason that fashion and clothes are important is because they're supposed to pull the opposite sex.
Sky's no shit approach is a winner. Word is the Editor is



pretty fit too...
Man at Sky: Vans skateboard shoes, Stussy, Fuct and any other skateboarder-related clothes that skaters don't actually wear.

SKY
babes
on lads issue
playgirls!

Blow £3.00

One of a number of mags launched by independent publishers to plug the gap that *The Face* and *ID* fail to fill in 1995. *Blow* is a cut-and-paste collage of club reviews, fashion piss-takes and Saturday night out-of-your-head trivia that won't get you laid but at least it's a laugh.
Man at Blow: RuPaul wearing a newspaper.

A—
RTER

The moment mum stops buying our clothes we look to fashion mags for help, says **Johnnie Watts.** But how much help can ten pages of blurred shirts be to us blokes in the fashion wilderness?

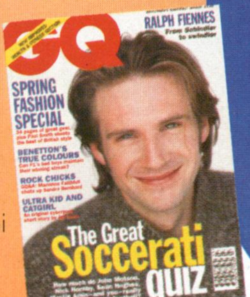
BLOW
£3.00
Issue # 6
BLOW
Salutes
Fashion
Introducing
Stylemma
big

Esquire £2.40

Playboy minus the tits and Hefner's 'intellectual' bite. Crap basically.
Man at Esquire: Armani suit, Versace tie for special occasions, empty head, low opinion of women and shares a flat with six blokes called Charlie.

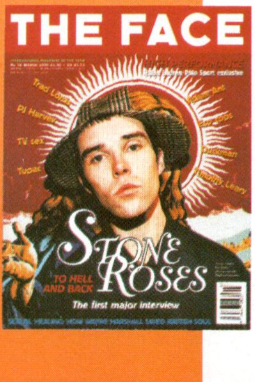
GQ £2.40

In between the straight stuff and the camp fashion spreads this magazine is a forum of "well-written" proper articles. *GQ* has the same articles as *Loaded* covering sex, football and birds. However, unlike *Loaded*, *GQ* is camouflaged in proper grammar giving it that air of class that *Loaded* will never have. The clothes they show cost so much that if you bought a suit you'd never be able to afford to go out in it.
Man at GQ: 80s designer stubble, Calvin Klein sports jacket, Nicole Farhi sandals, drives a year-old Calibra, earns quite a bit but his girlfriend tells him what to buy.



The Face £1.95

Whilst not in its mid-80s prime, *The Face* – unlike *ID* – still holds up as a respectable glossy. Its wrinkles are apparent, though it's still capable of an interesting article amongst the teen pieces stretched over four bloody pages. In the aftermath of the waif look tits are on the rise again, but come on fellas, give us the big bazoomas look back.
Man at The Face: Same as *ID* – without the trendy crusties.



Conclusion

Stick to Club. We may not have many clothes on show, but we know what we like and it doesn't cost £500 a throw. ♣

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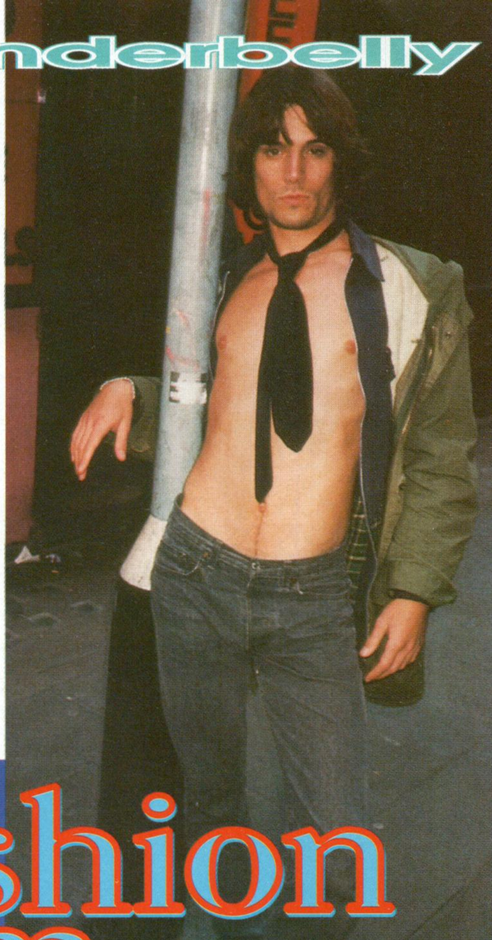
british underbelly

Life as a male model isn't all easy lays and free clothes. **Matt Moore** meets the man who fell to earth from the catwalk



fashion victim

Brandon is 27 years old. I first met him sitting cross-legged in a seedy alley in London's West End chanting Hare Krishna. Of course, being a gent of money, beer and fags I would usually scuttle past religious baldies, but this time I was immediately caught out by Brandon's Brian Jones looks, haircut and his impeccable style.

Whilst other people buy particular clothes from specific shops and stand in front of the mirror for an hour before changing their clothes, Brandon's in a minority – he's one of those people who just looks cool anyway. I remember sitting down next to him in the alley. He was dressed in his mum's jeans, loafers and a rancid parker with a huge seven on the back ("It's a magic number") unbuttoned to show off his old school tie. Anybody else would have been given a slap for looking like a twat, but like Brian Jones, Brandon (who shares the same initials as the dead Stone) just looked incredibly cool.

Ever since Brandon started playing his parents' Stones albums as a child, it's been his ambition to play with the band. When he's got a guitar and himself together Brandon's a talented musician and he could be great.

At 17, Brandon was a big-time fashion model. He had all the girls, lived it large and owned a pair of Gucci loafers. Brandon was what he considered, at the time, really cool. He travelled all over the world and even appeared in spot cream adverts in teenage girls' magazines. Life was good, he was the country's top male model and was having the time of his life. And then it all happened...

All in a single day, Brandon got bored, jacked in the modelling and went back to live with his mum and dad. In a moment of realisation Brandon decided he'd rather ride his bike, play with his mates and still get home in time for *Neighbours*.

"Modelling's a load of rubbish," he says. "All these model agencies in London rip people off, so beware. They're all a bunch of wankers. They wouldn't recognise talent if it stared them in the face."

Come on, this sounds awfully like sour grapes. You got a slap in the face didn't you?

"I gave them a slap!"

Over the next six months, I frequently ran into Brandon and saw his outlooks, acoustic Stones covers and appearance change. Bored with a barnet that Bobby Gillespie would kill for, he hacked off his hair. Ever the joker, he would often get into petty trouble. On one such occasion, he sat outside a trendy clothes shop (he'd earlier been banned from going inside) playing his guitar when a scout from a modelling agency 'spotted' him. Thinking that he'd stumbled upon a nutter-cum-model (when, of course, the opposite was closer to the truth) Hugo approached Brandon. On the spot he was offered the lead role in the new INXS video. "Six grand for a day's work, how about it, Brandon?"

"I own the universe and I am the greatest guitar player, in the universe obviously," repeated Brandon constantly, whilst the modelling scout became increasingly agitated and distressed. After ten minutes the agency scout gave up and left Brandon grinning insanely.

One morning I met Brandon again. Limping badly and the new owner of a broken face.

"I went down to Slough at the weekend," he explained. "I spent the whole day in the pub with my friends. Well, they were my friends. One minute everybody says they love me, then they won't let me in their nightclubs." (Not surprising really, the previous week he'd stripped bollock naked on the dancefloor of Slough's busiest nightclub.) "Anyway, I tried to get in through the roof. I climbed a drainpipe, unfortunately I got the wrong one, a plastic one... BANG! I fell down, it was like something out of Carry On Krishna."

How the mighty do fall! Still, I'm convinced he's going to be big again soon. Meanwhile, I'll leave the last word to Brandon.

"I don't even know who I am. I'm just a label like everyone else. It's all just words in the end; it's a dishwasher, then it's a washing machine, then it's a pair of Gucci shoes. They're all just labels, even Vivienne Westwood – load of bollocks. And that Malcolm McLaren... load of bollocks too." ♣

When we last met Marie she had the nerve to mention the dreaded M-word – marriage. Has she tied the knot yet? "Good God, no!" she exclaims. "The only time I say 'I do' is when somebody asks me if I like giving guys oral sex!"

So what happened to her plans for settling down?

"The problem is that I have two men on the go at the moment," explains the 20-year-old Pershore girl. "One is slow, sensitive and sensual with a lovely, long cock; the other is fast and filthy with lots of fun ideas like dressing up and playing pervy games. I couldn't give either up! I was going to cut down on bonking, but it's proving harder to give up than smoking!" ♣

Photographs by Viv Thomas

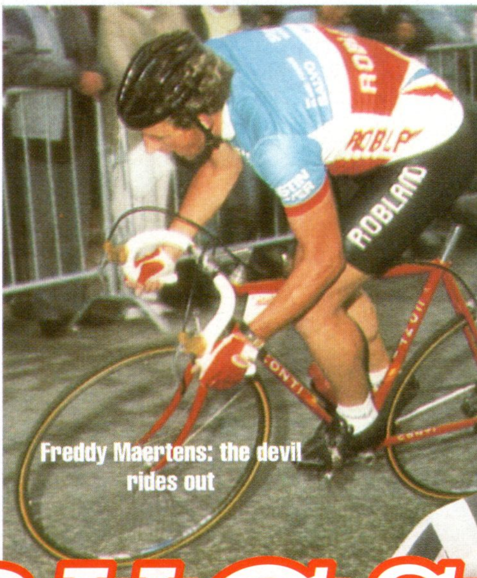
marie

SEX, DRUGS AND CYCLING SHORTS

Bungs, brawling and cycling in the same sentence? There's more to free-wheeling bikers than meets the saddle, says **Maurice Short**

Football and cricket seem to be permanently reeling from match fixing scandals at the moment, although personally I think Dean Jones' story about an Indian bookmaker trying to give him a cake tin full of cash is a tad suspicious. I mean wouldn't a real Indian have handed him the dosh in a foil container with a bit of cucumber raita splashed on top of it?

Any fans of our beloved winter and summer games in need of cheering up could do worse than shell out £12.95 for a copy of *Fall From Grace* (Ronde Publications), the autobiography of Flemish cyclist Freddy Maertens. Now you might expect to find sex, drugs, corruption, violence and a strange religious sect in an omnibus episode of *Brookside*, but you don't usually anticipate coming across all five in the life story of a former World Champion cyclist. Nevertheless Maertens, who bears an uncanny resemblance to comedian Freddy 'Parrot Face' Davis, manages to pack the lot into just under 200 pages.


Freddy Maertens: the devil rides out

There's the punch-ups, the attempts by rivals to frame him as an amphetamine addict, the routine buying and selling of races between top contenders (Maertens alleges that Italian Francesco Moser offered him £200,000 to let him win in front of a home crowd). Along the way Big Freddy also slips in tales of how he was tempted into evil by satanic forces sent against him by jealous opponents and the story of how one rider attempted to cheat the dope controls by carrying a container of uncontaminated urine in his pants and using a system of tubes to squeeze the clean sample into the waiting official's flagon.

So, anyone worried that our national sports are falling into disrepute will be satisfied that things are not as bad as professional cycling. Aye, there's always someone worse off than yourself.

Julian Dicks: hard-on your heel

Jean Condom: plays it safe

Stefan Kuntz: fur burgher

Junior Bent: left footer?

- Middlesbrough boss Bryan Robson's recent signing of the charmingly-named German forward Ewe Fuchs has revived memories on Teeside of the time in the 1960s when the club bought George Kinnell from arch rivals Sunderland. Kinnell was particularly inept and during one startlingly bad display found himself being serenaded with the chant:

"We paid £10,000 for Kinnell,
We paid £10,000 for Kinnell,
We paid £10,000 – fucking hell!"

If Fuchs fails to make the grade we might expect to hear something along the lines of, "Uwe Fuchs, Uwe Fuchs, Uwe Fuchs-in hell are you?" perhaps. One of the main problems Fuchs will present is to the television and radio pundits and how they will say his name without sounding obscene. This is a familiar problem to commentators as anyone who remembers Nigel Starmer-Smith's strained efforts to avoid uttering the name of the French rugby forward Jean Condom will testify. However if Boro really wanted to cause problems they would go right out immediately and buy the current German international and the West Ham captain. Having to describe a passing move that went "Dicks, Fuchs, Kuntz" would surely cause a heart attack in the Ayresome Park commentary box.

George Kinnell: who the Fuchs?

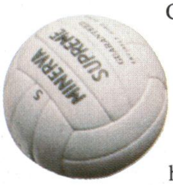
- On the subject of names, I thought that in terms of sporting nomenclature nobody would ever beat the brilliant Bristol City winger, Junior Bent. However a major rival has recently emerged from the world of cricket, Zimbabwean fast bowler, Heath Streak. Streak lines up in an attack that reads "Streak, Strang, Brain." For some reason every time I read it I think of the noise of a man with a metal leg falling downstairs.

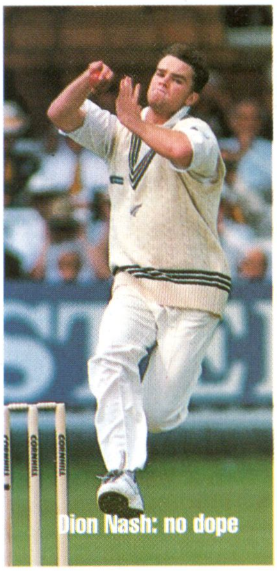
- The recent dope smoking scandal involving New Zealand cricketers provoked consternation around the world. My own shock came not from the revelation that young men might puff on the odd joint but from the fact that one of the players involved, Dion Nash, stated that he had not actually smoked the drug but had merely "simulated its use."

This had me very puzzled. I mean, why would anyone not under the influence of some top notch hashish choose to giggle hysterically, shout "I've got the munchies!" and listen to The Grateful Dead?

● Another legendary non-inhaler, US President Bill Clinton, was out on the golf course a couple of months ago. Clinton was taking part in one of those pro-celebrity tournaments which are such big business across the Atlantic.

Clinton was joined on his round by two former US Presidents, Gerald Ford and George Bush. Ford has such a reputation for misdirected shots that rumour has it his caddies refuse to let him hit the ball until they are standing directly behind him. On this occasion though, it was ex-President Bush who took the lead. First he sliced a drive against a tree and the rebounding ball whacked a female spectator on the nose causing a cut that required stitches. Then he belted another shot into the crowd, this time catching a man a stinging blow on the back of the knee.



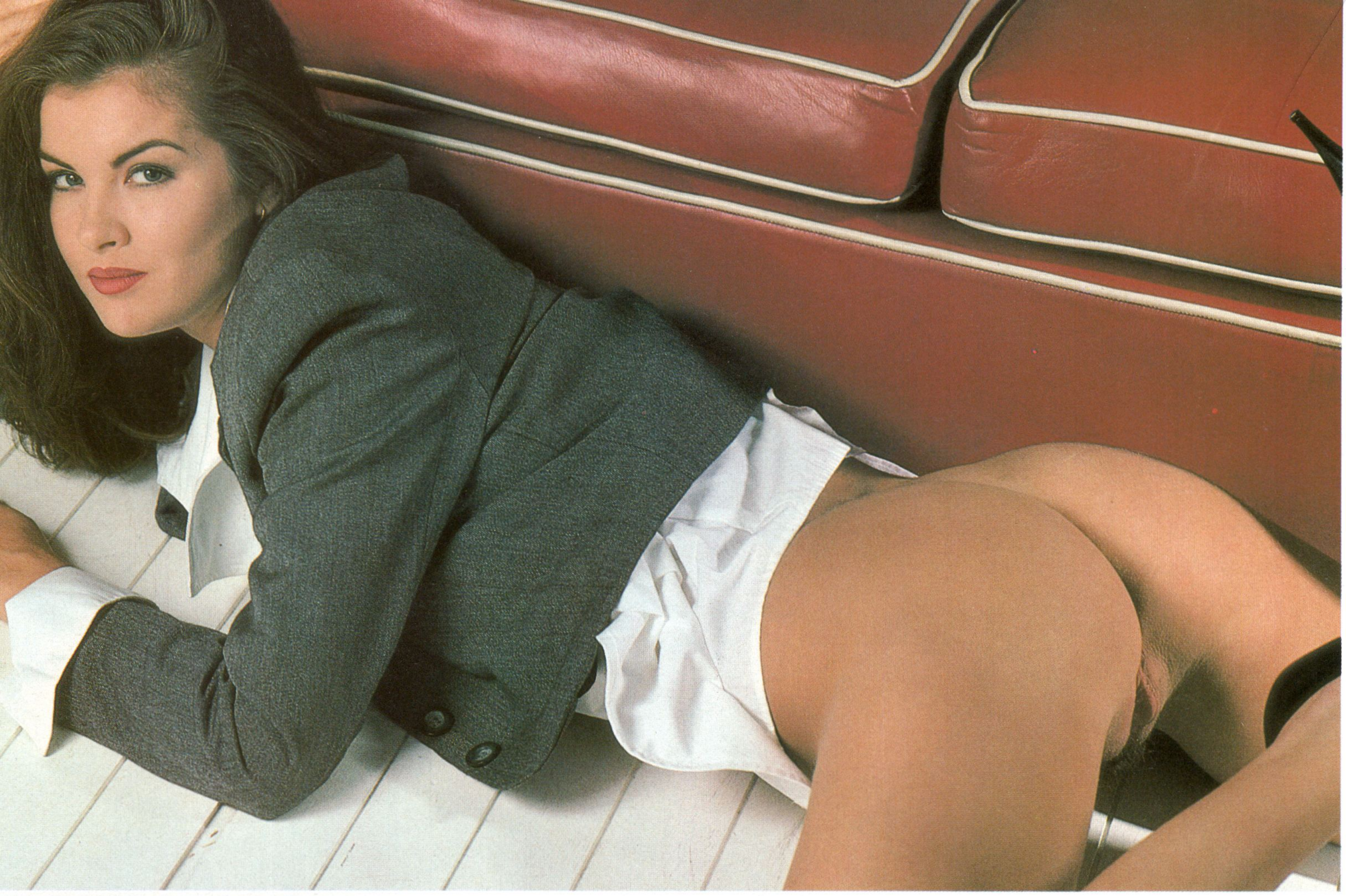


Seeing his reputation as American politics' most dangerous club wielder being put in serious jeopardy, Ford rallied and promptly sent a 150-yarder bouncing off the head of a passer-by. Meanwhile, President Clinton failed to hit anyone. No wonder he's always behind in the opinion polls. ♣

carolina

Photographs by Michael Moore

Basingstoke babe Carolina loves leather and big bikes, but like most of us has to do a day job. The motorcycle moll spends most of her time in a slick suit showing no signs of the rampant raver that is within. "The receptionist of a well-known national company can't look like she's dreaming of being fucked by dozens of long-haired leather men in a Hells Angels gangbang," says the 21-



year-old, "even if she is!"

But now and again her guard slips...

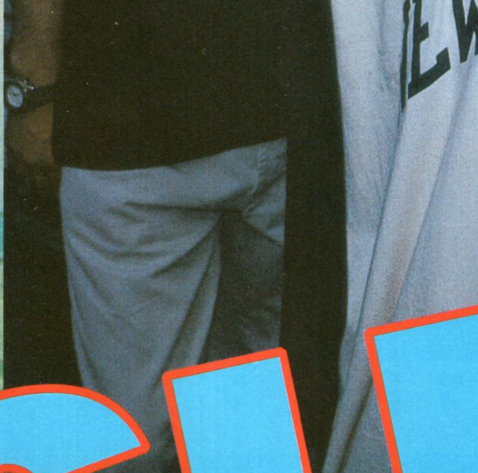
"This huge hunk in black leather turned up with a package for the boss last week, and my pussy juiced up immediately," she says. "He could have had me right there on the front desk, job or no job! Big bikers are my one serious weakness." ♣

club

carolina

Are Oasis the coolest band in Britain, or a bunch of bushy-eyed wasters? Adam Porter **profiles the Manchester mash-up band and their rapid rise to stardom...**

supers



oasis

onic

Let's face it, everyone likes a band that looks like them, that's why the Editor likes Shaun Ryder. And if they sound good then that's even better. That's why everyone went arse-over-tit for the likes of The Stone Roses and the Mondays, but now we have something new, something 90s and something naughty – we have Oasis. The Gallagher brothers Liam and Noel, drummer Tony McCarroll, bassist Paul McGuigan and rhythm guitarist Paul 'Bonehead' Arthurs. Their newer, bigger, fatter guitar mash-up of a sound has taken the nation by storm. Creation Records boss Alan McGhee called them "the best band I've ever had the pleasure of working with." Leaving out the fact that the Creation boss is the master of hype, it's still a fair compliment and one that most people seem to agree with judging by the success of their number one album, *Definitely Maybe*. Singles like *Cigarettes And Alcohol* and *Live Forever* have become anthems for the post-Mondays generation, while *Supersonic* and *Shakermaker* smashed into the UK charts.

The first time Oasis showed their credentials as a no bullshit, cool rock band came when they played their first gig outside their hometown. "We hadn't played outside of Manchester and it annoyed us. We were skint and we had no manager or anything. So we just decided to travel up to Glasgow. We actually hitched up there," explains Liam. "We didn't take any of our gear and when we got there we just found the nearest club and demanded to play. We wouldn't leave until they let us play." If you've got that kind of ambition then it's easy to see why Oasis can take on people in record companies and win. "But then we are the best band in the world," says Liam. "As long as no really bad shit happens to us we could be as big as The Beatles." With chunky eyebrows, of course, and a proper drummer.

The two men at the centre of the band are the two Gallagher brothers, Liam and Noel. To say that they exist in a bond of everlasting fraternal love isn't quite true. "We argue all the time," says Noel, "but that is because we're brothers. Brothers like to argue. It's a creative thing. Okay, we do actually fight each other, but..." They sure do fight each other; on stage, in the studio, during interviews, when they're clubbing. But the odd black eye doesn't stop them from working.

Predictably, that bastion of fine taste – cough, cough – the *NME* fell in love with them immediately, calling them 'the premier gilt-edged rock and rollers of the age.' However, not everyone agrees, Morrissey called them 'that awful band of singing electricians.' Let's just hope that the miserable bleeder doesn't meet them down some dark alleyway in Hulme one night. "We wouldn't dare go on stage and ponce about preaching to the audience," says Noel.

"Anyway," adds Liam, "I'm too busy singing to do that crap. We just want people to come to our gigs and have a good time like we do."

Oasis are also partial to a bit of partying, as anyone who spends any time out in clubs in Manchester or London will know only too well. They've been accused of wrecking a variety of hotel rooms on their way around the country whilst on tour. There's also the storm of self-created publicity in the USA over the admission that they took drugs. Shocking. "Yeah, we've taken drugs," admits Liam. "A few Es, a bit of coke and marijuana. We aren't going to sit here and deny it and be hypocrites. We don't want to be like other bands who are junkies and can't admit it all. Why should we lie to the public?" As you'd expect, this attitude didn't go down too well with the Washington constabulary who issued a statement condemning them.

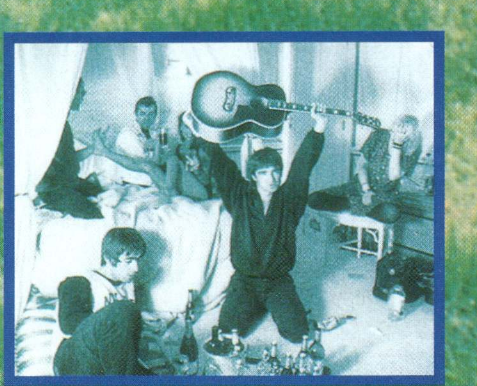
That desire to be honest is actually what endears them to a large section of their audience, although they like to be seen as difficult to figure out too. They're a walking, talking bunch of contradictions. The way they don't utter a single word on stage, yet they'll talk for hours in interviews. The way they rock out in concert, then Noel admits his favourite song is *Live Forever*, the slowest one on the LP. Even the title of their LP is a contradiction. "*Definitely Maybe* is a phrase that I use all the time," says Noel. "It's a contradiction in terms and that's why I like it. It doesn't mean anything... or does it?"

The fact is, though, that their loud and fast guitar sound makes them prime candidates to break the USA. Where Suede are too English and The Stones Roses are too lazy, it looks as if Oasis have hit the right note with the Yanks.

'Each Oasis song sound like a classic' – The New York Herald;
'A breath of fresh air' – Rolling Stone.

So stand by for action. These boys aren't the new Beatles, after all Oasis have done in one LP what John, Paul George and Ringo took six albums to do. They're bigger and better, louder and faster. And that's what will make them huge. Definitely, maybe.♣

We are the best band in the world. And as long as n really bad shit happens we could be as big as the Beatles



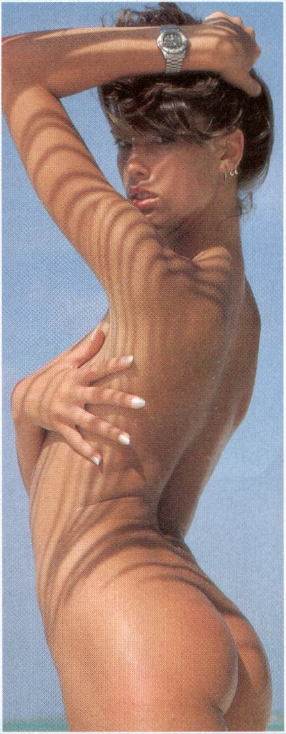
Here's one boss who regularly shafts her employees – and they don't mind one bit! Theresa Middleton, 22, runs a small mail order business from a unit in South London helped by her boyfriend and a secretary, and the bi-bi birdie knows exactly how to treat both of them.

"Sarah loves cuddly nights in, kissing by

theresa

Photographs by Maria Clarke

the fire and occasionally going a bit further," says Theresa. "Mark just likes shagging! Wonderful over-the-top sex with lots of noise! My ambition is to have both of them simultaneously but I reckon I'd get so... so... fucking dirty I'd never be seen in the same light in the office again!"♣



talkin' blue

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

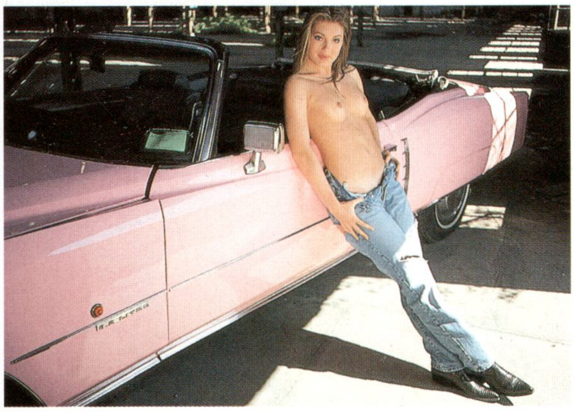
WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

DALLAS DOLL

I've always been fascinated by America. Big country, big buildings and, best of all, big dicks! At least that was according to my best friend, Jessica, who works as an au pair for a very rich couple in Dallas. Jessica jokes that Dallas is exactly like the old TV soap – loads of rich, powerful men shagging anything in sight!

In fact, Jessica's not only been giving her boss, Steve, a little more than home help, but it also seems like she's been having it away with most of his staff too!



I could never resist easing a hand inside my knickers and frigging myself

Every time Jessica phones me she goes into very graphic detail about all the sex she's been getting. It was a real turn-on to hear her naughty stories, and I could never resist easing a hand inside my knickers and gently frigging myself as she recounted some tale of getting fucked in the back of a limousine.

"You wouldn't believe it out here, Sandra," she told me. "The men here are stallions, the lot of them. You've got to get yourself out here... Sandra? Sandra? Are you listening?" I was listening to her every word, but I was also doing my upmost to stop myself from moaning as all this talk of men and sex had me furiously fingering my wet hole. Well, that was it! Whatever it took, I was going to get over to Dallas and get some of that free-flowing spunk for myself.

After dipping into my savings, I finally made it out there last month and headed straight to meet Jessica where she works. Her boss's house was very grand, with a long driveway and a line of expensive cars parked at the front. I walked up to the door and rang the bell and Jessica herself answered the door, but I hardly recognised her.

She'd lost a few pounds in weight, had her hair cut into a cute bob and was wearing the tiniest of mini-skirts. She looked more like an alluring vamp than an au pair. "C'mon in," she shrieked. "It's great to see you, Sandra. You must come through and meet my boss, Steve.

"His wife is away for the weekend," she giggled mysteriously. I followed her through into the living room where I was introduced to Steve. He was sitting in one of those huge leather chairs with his back to me, and when he swung around I got the shock of my life. He was sitting there totally naked, hard-on in hand and with a big grin plastered across his face.

"We thought we'd give you a welcome party," laughed Jessica, bending over the plush sofa so that her skirt rode up to reveal her shapely bum. Steve was up on his feet in a flash, sliding his impressive tool into Jessica's pussy and fucking her vigorously.

I couldn't believe it. I hadn't even been offered a drink and there were two people fucking right in front of me. "I think I'm going to like it here," I laughed, slipping my dress off to reveal my stockings, suspenders and crotchless knickers. I was going to have some fun...

Steve's dick was gorgeous; a long thick trunk of manhood that pistoned in and out of my pussy on more than one occasion on that first – and memorable – night! His come was delicious too, hot and creamy with more than enough to go around. It was quite a night, let me tell you!

Steve had an amazing pink Cadillac (and I'm not talking about his cock here!) which we used plenty of times during my month-long stay. It turned out that Steve and his wife, Angie, were a real swinging couple too. Anything went with them and they went with anyone!

Angie was a few years older that Steve, but she was in great shape with big boobs, a tight, shaven snatch and a real peach of a bum. I couldn't wait to get to grips with her and I got my chance

when the four of us took out Steve's car and drove out into the desert. We ended up pulling over in a secluded lay-by and had our own little orgy right there in his car. Steve started fucking Jessica and I grabbed my chance to peel off Angie's tight leather trousers and push my tongue inside her pussy. It was a fabulous experience fucking each other out there in the warm open air.

Dallas was just like a fairy tale, especially the exotic bars where the dancing girls were simply stunning. Steve took Jessica and I to his favourite, The Lucky Poker, and we watched as the girls went through their routines, bending down and putting their boobs in our faces and shaking their bums at us!

Steve knew the owner of the club and he took us to meet him at the end of the night. After a few bottles of wine, Jessica and I were feeling as horny as hell and decided to put on our own little show for the two guys. They pumped the music up loud and we got up on stage with a few of the girls, with Steve and Rick watching alongside a few of the bar staff. I've never felt as horny as I did then and I had my clothes off in a flash and was gyrating wildly to the music, using the poles to slip up and down as if I was straddling a massive cock. Rick was applauding wildly, so I grabbed him and pulled him up onto the stage. I had freed his cock in seconds and greedily stuffed it into my mouth right there in front of everybody. I loved acting like such a slut, especially when Rick bucked his hips and shot his load all over my face! It was a great way to spend my last night in Dallas and a fitting end to my holiday.

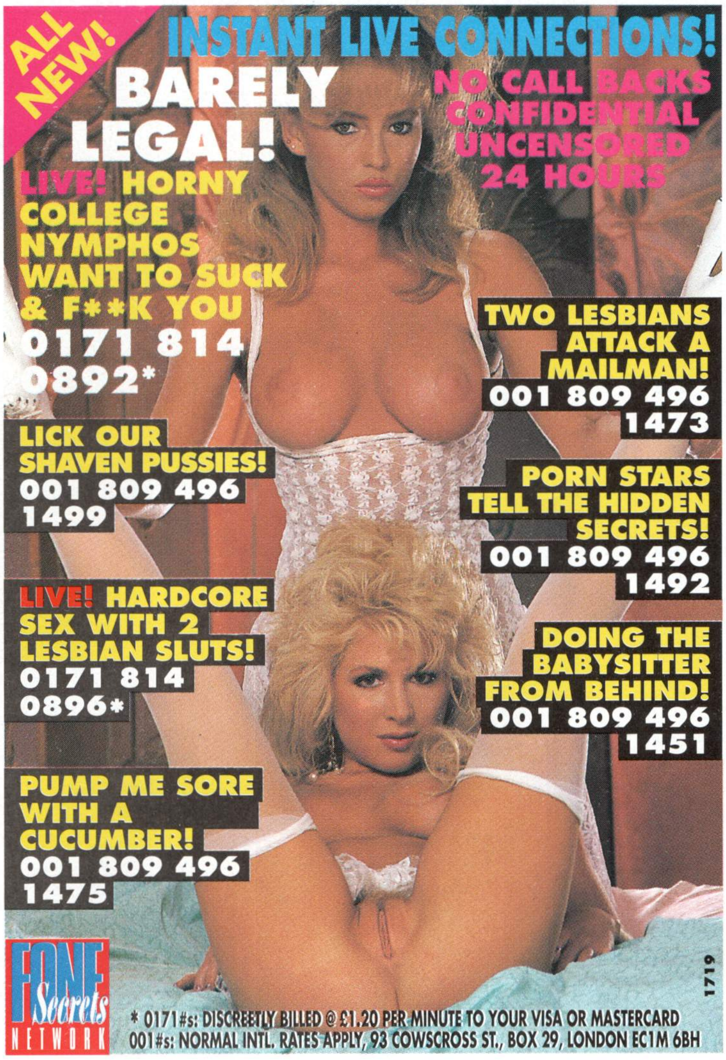
Now that I'm back in England, I can't wait to save up the cash to get back out there as soon as possible and sample more of that good Texan hospitality! – *Sandra, Lincoln*

BEDTIME STORY

As you can probably guess from these pictures, I spend a great deal of time in bed – although most of the time I'm alone. It's not that I haven't had offers, it's just that if I want a night of dirty, uninhibited sex then it's less complicated to go back to a fella's place. I can spend the whole night sucking and fucking, then simply leave and go home. I think it's the idea of anonymity that I find so exciting.

Anyway, shagging away from home is the usual state of affairs for me and I save my own bed for pleasuring myself. I never get bored

I peeled off Angie's tight trousers and pushed my tongue inside her pussy



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with masturbating, easing my fingers inside my cunt and bringing myself to a massive orgasm.

Anyway, the reason that I'm writing to Club is to tell your readers what happened to me about three weeks ago. It was a Friday night and I'd had a hell of a week at work (I'm a fitness instructor at a health club). I was so knackered that I decided to have a night in for a change.

I went to bed early with a book, but after a while I began to feel horny and decided to treat myself to a finger-fuck. I turned the bedroom light off, the bedside lamp on, parted my legs and began to rub myself. My cunt was soon juiced up and I prepared myself for a satisfying orgasm, when I happened to glance across to the window.

I live in a ground-floor flat and my bedroom overlooks the main road. Of course, I have thick velvet curtains, but I suddenly realised that a corner was pulled back and to my astonishment I could see the face of a young man watching me. Worst of all, I was already beginning to orgasm, to the point where there was no way that I could stop. I was so overwhelmed by my desire to come that I just continued rubbing away at my pussy until I climaxed with a great shudder!

Of course, the minute I had orgasmed I was so overcome with embarrassment that I rushed over and pulled the curtains shut. It took quite a while before I fell asleep.

I thrust my fingers up my skirt and deep into my pussy

The following morning when I woke up there was a message for me pushed through the letterbox. 'I don't know your name, but I enjoyed your solo performance. Would you be interested in a duet? Matthew.' There was a phone number written at the bottom.

All through the week I thought about the note. I realised that once the shock had worn off, I had been really turned on by the thought of wanking in front of a stranger. The more I thought about it, the more I wanted to meet Matthew.

I finally plucked up the courage to call him. We arranged to meet in a pub the following evening and when I walked in, I picked out Matthew immediately. He was a very handsome guy and we had a good time together, and he even confessed to me that he had come a few times just reliving that night when he spied on me. By the end of the evening, with a few drinks inside us, we went back to Matthew's place.

"I think you owe me one," I giggled when we were inside. I had never watched a man wanking himself in front of me before, but when Matthew wrapped his fingers around his shaft and began running his hands up and down it, I thrust my fingers up my skirt and deep into my pussy.

I watched as Matthew's face contorted and an arc of spunk flowed from the tip of his dick. This spurned me on even more and my hand was a blur as I came, culminating in a satisfying orgasm.

I lay down on the couch and offered my pussy up for Matthew to fuck me from behind. As his tool drove deep inside me I let out a gasp of delight, enjoying his thick cock pistoning in and out of my pussy. It was an evening that I won't forget in a hurry, the two of us fucking in every manner imaginable. Sheer bliss!

Now Matthew has introduced me to another friend of his, Ellie, because she loves masturbation too – and the three of us meet on a regular basis for some mutual appreciation. I have to say that bringing another woman to a climax is proving to be a total turn-on for me and the three of us are having a fun-filled, come-soaked time! And would you believe that all this came about just 'cos I forgot to close my curtains?! Some girls have all the luck... – *Gemma, London*

ON THE JOB

In and out of the office

OFFICE ANTICS

I'm sure that I'm not the only girl who feels the way I do – but I'm permanently randy! Yes, I know: nice girls aren't supposed to be like that, to want sex all the time and know how to get it. But I am, and I do!

I want to tell you about something that happened to me when I started a new job three months ago. My new office was very male-dominated and, of course, I loved it. There was no way my rather flamboyant figure would go unnoticed, and I adore it when guys pay me lots of attentio. It gets my pussy wet when I see a guy looking me over, mentally undressing me and wondering what it would be like to tongue my cunt while I ground it onto his face.

I guess I should give all you guys out there some idea of what I look like, so you know why my body causes such a commotion. I'm tall, and what you might call really Amazonian: I'm brunette with long hair, and I've got big boobs. My figure measures in at 38C-25-36, so as you can imagine it looks fairly spectacular.

Anyway, the guys in the office didn't know what had hit them when I started there – and I have to admit that I was pretty chuffed myself. I had the full range of male attention, from the boss right down to the post boy, and I was determined to relish every minute of it. I flirted like mad with everyone until the whole place was a hotbed of sexual double entendres. But things took an altogether different turn when after I'd been there about eight weeks, there was a leaving party for Tony, one of the senior managers.

Tony was in his mid-30s and one of the guys I'd been flirting with most heavily. He was a muscular redhead who played a lot of sports: his arm and thigh muscles were amazingly thick. I'd always get an ache in my cunt whenever I saw the material of his trousers stretched taut over his thighs, and I'd often fantasised about what it must be like to feel my hands running down them as I pushed his face down to my crotch and begged him to lick me out. Now I knew it was my last chance to get a good feel of them before he left, so that's when I concocted my little plan...

You know what office parties are like, everyone lets their hair down and goes wild – and anything can happen. I was going to make sure that it did this time!

We were all getting a bit tiddly by the middle of the evening, but things had yet to loosen up properly. I nipped off to the loo. "You're looking extra sexy today," Marie, one of my colleagues, remarked to me as we tarted ourselves up in the ladies before making our way back to the boardroom where Tony's party was being held. "What exactly are you plotting?" she added.

I pushed his face to my crotch and begged him to lick me

"Let's just say that Tony's not going to forget tonight in a hurry!" I retorted. Well, my blouse was so sheer as to be almost see-through, and a black lacy bra under a white top always looks a bit tarty but very sexy. I had a little pleated black skirt on too, which I might as well not have been wearing really, as you could see the tops of my hold-up stockings when I walked, and a tantalising glimpse of thigh. I had a thong on too, so that if I bent over too far every guy in the place would get a worm's eye view of my pert arse.

Tony was surrounded by lots of people, but the crowd seemed to part when Marie and I appeared. "Hey, Tony! Annette reckons she's got a treat for you!" Marie yelled.

"The only treat I want is to get a good feel of those tits before I leave this place!" laughed Tony. The look he gave me had my pussy juicing up. I walked right into the middle of the crowd and started to unbutton my blouse. "Let's see if your hands are big enough for these!" I told him as I freed

my tits from my top and bra and displayed my mounds for the whole room to see.

"Get down on your knees and worship them!" I giggled as Tony's hands lifted up to palm them. I could tell he was desperate to get a good feel of my melons, but this was too much fun to take things too quickly. I sat down on one of the director's chairs and Tony knelt between my thighs, playing with my boobs until the nipples were standing out proud. God, you should have seen how wet my pussy was then, knowing that my colleagues could see my hard teats.

"Now lick them, if you know what's good for you!" I ordered, and he obeyed right away. Now that his hands were free as his mouth worked on my boobs, he unzipped his fly and took his cock out to wank it. God, it was so thick and the tip was massive... I was more turned on than I'd ever been!

"Get on the floor, Tony," I told him as the crowd gathered around us, determined not to miss a trick. He

shuffled out of his trousers and lay on the floor. I opened his legs and pulled down his pants, running my fingers through his wiry bush. Then I knelt between his thighs and wrapped my boobs around his cock.

You should have seen the look of ecstasy on his face as my titty-flesh wrapped around his shaft. I enveloped his cock totally, then started to press my boobs up and down so that I was wanking his cock with them. I could feel his hand gripping my waist as I bent over him and from the way his fingers were digging in it was obvious that he couldn't hold his come in for long. When it spurted all over my neck and boobs in a lovely pearl necklace, I trembled as I came close to orgasm.

Close, but I didn't quite come right at that moment. That was saved for a couple of minutes later, when the crowd that had gathered around us started clapping, and I felt my bum being raised from behind as a fat helmet was stuffed into my soaking wet pussy.

I looked around to see who it was who was giving me a length of cock. I got a bit of a shock when I saw that it was Rob, the shy post boy who had barely said two words all day! The lad had obviously had a few drinks for Dutch courage, because he started pumping away at my pussy really hard.

I urged him on. "Pump me really hard," I told him, panting as Tony moved out from underneath me and one of the other guys from the office, Dave, took his place. Dave started to lick and suck at my tits as Rob carried on fucking me for all he was worth – from the way he was breathing so heavily, I thought he might pass out from the exertion. He couldn't hold on for long, and when I felt the hot jet of spunk in my pussy I couldn't

his tongue lapped away at my love button and dived between my lips

hold my own orgasm back.

Well, that seemed to be the cue for all hell to break loose. Dave soon had me sitting on his face so that he could eat out my pussy. Of course, I came again as he ate me out, and then he managed to move me down so that he could slip his cock inside me as I rode him. My pussy was overflowing with come by the time he'd shot his load inside me.

Meanwhile, Marie had taken her cue from me and was greedily sucking off one of the office managers. He was standing in front of her feeding his length into her mouth and she was gobbling it energetically. I have to confess that I was jealous as Marie sucked that schlong, and when her cheeks expanded as she prepared to swallow the load from his balls Doug really gripped her head hard to make sure she didn't let her lips slacken for a second.

Marie then walked over to me and we started French kissing, swapping the load of come from her mouth to mine. That was something I'd never tried before, and I have to admit that it excited me to taste the salty load passing from Marie's tongue to mine. She then went down on me, giving my pussy an expert tonguing which made me certain it wasn't the first time she'd tried it. I loved the feel of everyone's eyes glued to us as I fastened my thighs around her head and held my lips open to let her tongue in.

I ended up naked and splayed out on the boardroom table, with one guy after another queuing up to have a go at fucking my pussy. I lost count of how many cocks slid up into my wet hole, and how many loads of spunk I managed to squeeze out. Let's put it this way – I wish someone had had a camera, as it would have made a great leaving present for Tony!

Dave had me sitting on his face so he could eat out my pussy

And you know what? When we all turned up for work, nobody said a word about what had gone on. It was as if nothing had happened – except for the knowing looks I was getting from Marie, who's made it clear that she's keen to get down to a bit of girl/girl action. I haven't done anything about it yet, but I'll let you all know when I do!
– Annette, Sunderland

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike

COMING FOR THE CAMERA

I don't know if any of your readers have heard about a video that came out recently which shows you how to do a slow, sexy striptease for your partner, but I can recommend it! A girl at work brought in the video as a joke and I could not resist taking it home one night, hoping to pick up some handy hints to try out on my boyfriend, Andrew.

One Friday last month, I even took the afternoon off work and headed home with only one thing on my mind. I'd planned to close the curtains, settle down with the videotape and have a good play with my pussy whilst watching the girls go through their paces.

To get myself in the mood I opened up a bottle of wine, took off my work suit and lay back on the sofa in my silk basque, stockings and suspenders. I stuck the video on, but I have to admit I was disappointed with what I saw. The girls looked like they were stripping for their local vicars, not their lovers, and within ten minutes I was bored. Rubbish.

I took the video out of the player and tossed it into the bin, reaching instead for one of Andrew's blue movies. I pressed play and sat back in anticipation, teasing at my pussy lips and feeling very turned on as the screen filled with a shot of a girl getting rogered by a thick-tooled hunk. As the on-screen action got steamier, so did my own actions. I slipped my knickers down over my stockings and let them drop to the floor, then I eased two fingers inside my tight cunt. Working my fingers around deep inside my hole, I brought myself to an intense orgasm. Juices flooded from my pussy and I shuddered fiercely before letting a loud scream escape from my lips. My pussy tingled with the thrill of the afterglow and I greedily sucked my fingers to taste my own juices and tease out the last bit of horny pleasure from my body.

Later on that same day, when Andrew arrived home from work, I told him all about the video I had brought home earlier and what a disappointment it had been. "I'm sure I could make a sexier video," I joked. Then I had an amazing idea.

"Why don't we buy a video camera?" I shrieked. "I bet we could make a really sexy video." I have to admit that the idea of standing in front of the camera naked, Andrew filming my every movement as I showed off my long legs and big bust was a real turn-on. Andrew nodded in agreement and was grinning from ear to ear. He's always loved my exhibitionist tendencies and this seemed the best chance yet I had to be a real show-off!

The thought of making our own blue movie was a real turn on for both of us, and before you could say 'action' I was down on my knees sucking on Andrew's thick tool for all I was worth! My head bobbed quickly back and forth on his tool and within a couple of minutes Andrew shot his load down my throat.

The next day we headed down to our local high street and started checking out the prices of video cameras. We settled for one of those idiot-proof cameras, where you just have to press a button and point the camera. When we got home we tried our little purchase out and it worked like a dream, it was so easy to use!

We started filming in the bedroom, and I rolled around the bed in my sexiest underwear, posing and pouting for Andrew.

I was getting more daring with every second that went by and I unclipped my bra and cupped my boobs in my hands. I squeezed them together and then bent my head down and began licking my own nipples.

My pussy felt like it was on fire by this time and I pulled my knickers down to my ankles, revealing a thick thatch of pubic hair. "Hold your pussy lips open, darling," said Andrew, zooming in on my cunt.

As I stroked my pussy, feeling the little wells of orgasm rising inside me, it finally got all too much for Andrew and he put the camera down on the floor. "Right, that's it," he panted. "Now I'm going to fuck that pussy of yours!" Andrew was as good as his word too, pistoning his hard cock in and out of me so fast that I could scarcely draw breath. He exploded with the force of his orgasm, pulling his cock out at the moment he came to shower my face and tits with hot come. It's just a pity that we didn't catch our frenzied fuck on film. When we finally watched the tape later, I was really turned on by my own lack of inhibition in front of the camera.

After that first attempt Andrew and I made quite a number of naughty videos around the house. I bought more underwear and even went as far as purchasing a couple of rubber outfits that looked great, my favourite being the rubber skirt that revealed my pussy every time I bent over!

One afternoon last week, I suggested to Andrew that it might be fun to take the day off work and head outdoors with our hobby. The idea that someone might see us filming got me excited and seemed to please him too.

That afternoon we set out in the car. I was wearing a long overcoat, with just a matching white bra and French knickers underneath. We decided to head towards the local park first, and I was buzzing with excitement at the thought of our first outdoor session. As the car drew up, I leapt out and searched for a secluded spot and started performing for the camera. I soon disposed of my bra and knickers and was beginning to get into it when I saw that Andrew was waving frantically at me. I assumed that someone must be coming, so I hurriedly lunged for my coat to put it back on. As I did so, he shook his head and began pointing towards some bushes about twenty yards away. What on earth was he going on about?

I looked over towards the bushes and became aware that there was somebody in there. I moved closer and although I couldn't really see anything, I could certainly hear some frantic moans and groans!

Andrew put his finger to his lips and we followed the sound until we saw a young couple furiously shagging each other, the man's naked bum bobbing up and down as he slid his cock in and out of this girl's pussy.

As they both reached a climax, the man rolled off the woman and I could hardly believe my eyes. She was really beautiful, very curvy and sexy looking with big boobs – a bit like me! I couldn't stop myself and I stepped forward.

"Wow, that was some show!" I panted, pulling my

my head quickly bobbed back and forth on his thick, throbbing tool

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1725-9372

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1725-9375

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LICK MY CUNT
KIND SIR!
00-852
1725
9371

I LICK PUSSY
HEAR ME SLURP 'LIVE'
00-852-1725-9373

ME ACTUALLY GETTING FUCKED!
'LIVE'
00-852
1725-9377

BIG BLACK RUBBER DILDO
RIGHT UP MY [redacted]
00-852-1725-9376

NAKED P[redacted]SSY
PUSSY
SHAVEN & BURSTING!
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1725-9374

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1725-9397

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STICK IT IN MY XXX
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ME TAKING ON TWO BLACK STUDS
'LIVE' 00-852-1725-9119

BIZARRE
RUBBER IT UP MY [redacted]
00-852-
1725-9149

WATER SPORTS ECSTASY
00-852-1725-9122

HEAR MY GIRLFRIEND FINGER ME
00-852-1725-9116

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coat open to reveal my naked body. Neither of them uttered a word, in fact they were so cool I almost think they had been trying to gain our attention all along!

"Would you mind filming my girlfriend and I fucking each other?" asked Andrew.

The two of them looked at each other, giggled and nodded. "No problem," said the man. Before you knew it, I was on my back on the grass in front of these two strangers as Andrew eased his cock inside me. Andrew was enjoying himself, groaning and urging me on to come, making sure he drew his prick right out before plunging his shaft right down to the stem.

The girl was enjoying the spectacle and the minute Andrew shot his load inside me, she had moved in front of the camera and was begging Andrew to fuck her too! He hardly needed to be asked twice, his dick was proud and erect in seconds as this girl stuck her arse in the air and Andrew gave it to her doggy-style.

his cock tasted gorgeous and I flicked my tongue around his bell-end

Well, I wasn't about to be left out of the action and I dropped to my knees and took this stranger's cock in my mouth and gave him the best head I could muster.

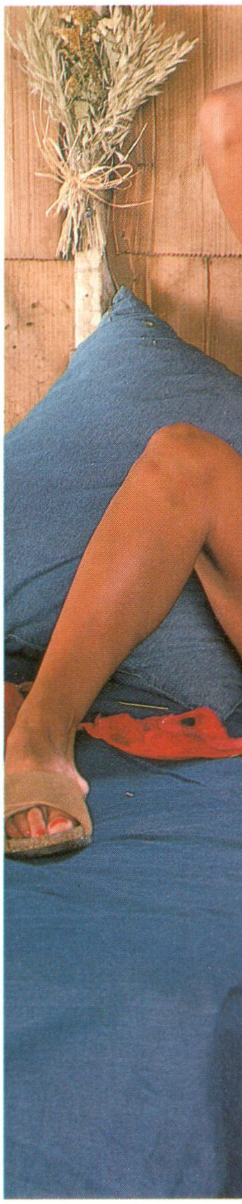
Andrew and I have had hours of fun watching the stuff that we managed to capture on film, and shooting stuff outdoors has become a speciality of ours. Whenever we begin to feel horny, we just reach for our video collection. We never found out the names of the couple we met in the park – but I think that just makes the whole thing even sexier!

Remember that stripping video that I told you about at the start of the letter? Well, it has to be the best thing I've ever seen – even though it was a waste of time, it did provide the inspiration for something that has brought us hours of pleasure ever since! – *Angie, Leicester* ♣

danielle

Photographs by Scott Evans

DD Danielle Peterson loves her lumpy bits! "I get really pissed off with big-boobed girls saying that having large knockers is a pain," says the 21-year-old 40-incher sternly. "I'm very proud of my big boobs, and love showing them off in low-cut, tight-fitting tops, watching the guys' eyes pop out then pretending they aren't looking!



"Besides, you can do a lot more with big ones," she says wickedly. "You can nuzzle a fella's head between them or even wobble them around his willy! I like that – even though I always time it wrong and wind up with a wet and sticky chin!

"Last week, a bloke asked if he could cover them with chocolate sauce and lick it all off," she laughs uproariously. " I said it sounded like fun, but he's gonna have to be *very* hungry!" ♣

LISTEN TO ME MASTURBATE MY CLIT
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ORAL SEX
SPURT OVER ME
001 809 4961 701
WE'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU WANK
001 809 4961 704
NON STOP FK ORGIES**
001 809 4961 706

30 SECOND WANK OFF ACTION
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1 Cock in my mouth the other up my hole
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LIVE 3 WAY FUCK FEST
001 809 4961 737
CUM DRIPPING ACTION
001 809 4961 734

2 MINUTES TO SPUNK- QUICK RELIEF
001 809 4961 714

HORNY GYM MISTRESS LOVES YOUNG COCKS
001 809 4961 707

WANK MY CLIT THEN FK ME**
001 809 4961 708

Susan Fks Mandy with her Strap on Dildo**
001 809 4961 710

LET'S WANK TOGETHER 001 809 4961 716

2 RANDY SISTERS NEED SHAFTING
001 809 4961 705

TWO LESBIANS DILDOING EACH OTHER
001 809 4961 703

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Fu*king Live
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Belinda 18 - is married to a 45yr old guy who can't get a stiffy - fu*k her now by calling
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Julie 40 - is bored with straight sex hear her suck fu*k & spank some guy to climax
001 809 4961 731

Lesley 36-24-36 has got a dildo up her cu*t - hear her thrust it in and out by calling
001 809 4961 732

FU*K ME IN EVERY HOLE
001 809 4961 709

QUICKIE LINE
You'll Spunk in 1 minute
001 809 4961 729

Watch your wife drip into my mouth as I wank your stiff cock
001 809 4961 739

I love it from the rear - plug me with your hot penis & dribble some warm cum all over my mouth & arse
001 809 4961 745

MY PUSSY IS DRIPPING WET FOR YOU
001 809 4961 746

2 men spunk in my dirty mouth while my hubby watches & wanks
001 809 4961 742

Call me quick, while I'm hot and juicy, so that I can slurp down your thick slippery cock and you can fill my hungry hole with gobs of your scalding spunk.
001 809 4961 744

HELD OPEN FOR YOUR THICK HARD COCK
001 809 4961 723

Shaved pussy porked by 9"cock
001 809 4961 726

*FINGER MY CLIT WHILE YOU FU*K MY HOLE*
001 809 4961 712
*SPANKED THEN FU*KED BY A SOLDIER*
001 809 4961 711

HEAR ME TAKE 2 COCKS
001 809 4961 713

FU*K MY PUSSY 001 809 4961 727
STRIP ME SPANK ME WANK ME
001 809 4961 717

HARDCORE COCK SUCKING
001 809 4961 728
BABYSITTER (18) SWALLOWS YOUR CUM
001 809 4961 735
TINY TITS & TIGHT HOLE
001 809 4961 736
ORAL SEX BIG COCKS WANTED
001 809 4961 738

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HARDCORE

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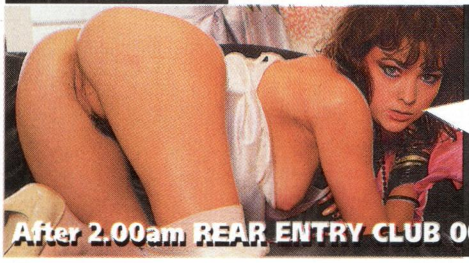
001 809 4961 669
Gay builder will wank you
001 809 4961 670
Gay virgins first stiff cock
001 809 4961 671
Eavesdrop Line - Hear live Gay Sex
001 809 4961 672
Suck my cock or let me suck yours
001 809 4961 673



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[redacted] Love Farm £29.95

THIS video has changed hands for over £150 in Soho. We cannot describe its hard action contents fully here, but we believe the title says it all. This video is the only one of its type available in Britain today that we know of. If this subject is your thing, you will never see a harder, more explicit example of this exciting sexual topic — **only for the most unshockable viewer. It's unbeatable.**

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Lady's Doctor £24.95

AGAIN we can't go into much detail in this magazine, but we all know what we're talking about here. We have sold this very specialist film for £200 in Soho and Amsterdam. Do not buy this video unless you know just what to expect from the ultimate adult, games of doctors and nurses. **This video was intended to shock — and it does! It won't be around for long — buy it today!**

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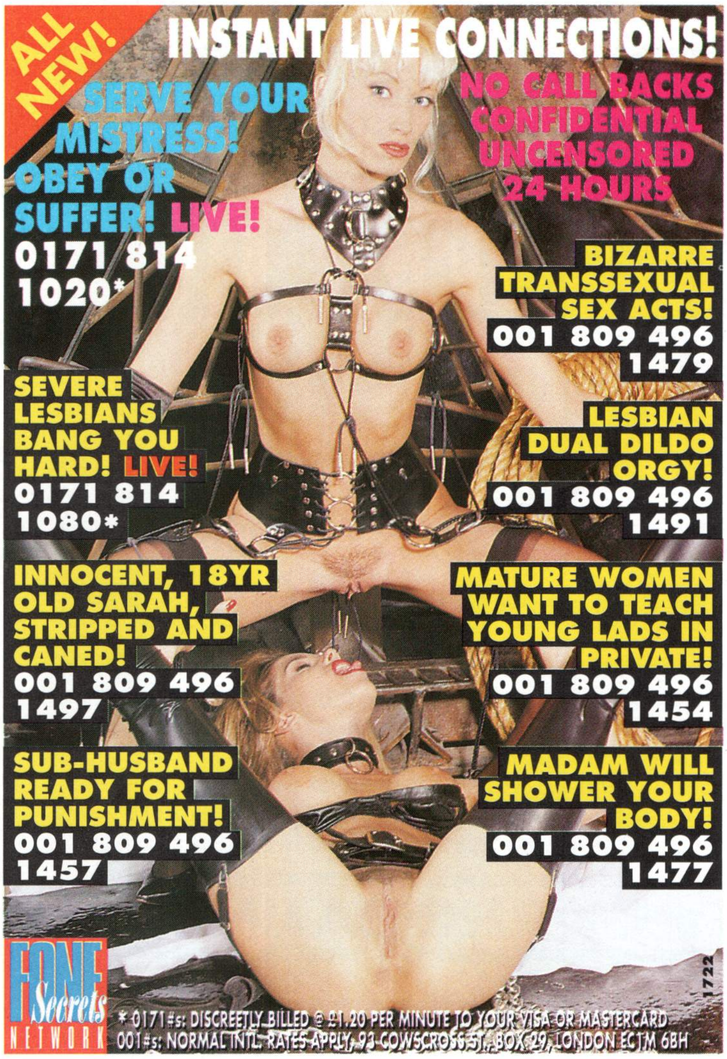

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WOMEN BEHIND BARS, HUNGRY FOR MEN!
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NAUGHTY VIRGIN'S FANNY NEEDS SHAFTING!
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SHOVE MY 10" DILDO UP MY HUNGRY PUSSY! LIVE!
0171 814 0894*

OBEDIENT MAID LICKS OUT MISTRESS!
001 809 496 1470

YOUNG COEDS' LOCKER ROOM ESCAPADES!
001 809 496 1430

WANK WHILE I FINGER MY PUSSY!
001 809 496 1438

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2 Girls, One Licks Your Balls While The Other Gives You Head
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Claire F**ks Susie With Her Strap On Dildo
00 592 249 052

2 Lesbians Licking & Fingering Each Other To Climax
00 592 249 056

Debbie Is Giving Two Men Deep Throat
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2 Housewives Seducing An 18yr old Girl
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F**K ME IN EVERY HOLE
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Anna LOVES Her Boyfriends 10" Cock Up Her
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We've Got 2 Full Bladders For YOU
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Sarah Loves Being Tied Up & Shagged
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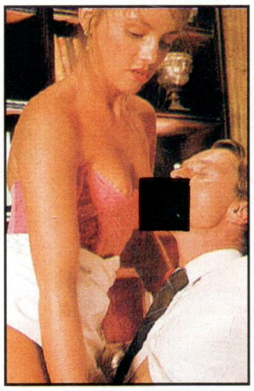

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1716

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PISS ALL OVER MY FIRM TITS & BODY
00 592 249 094

QUICK WANK LINE
00 592 249 030

SNIFF & LICK MY DAMP RUBBER KNICKERS
00 592 249 081

LICK MY A*SE CLEAN, YOU QUIVERING WIMP
00 592 249 026

19 yr OLD VIRGIN BEING FUCKED BY 2 H/WIVES WITH THEIR STRAP ON COCKS
00 592 249 070

FEED YOUR THICK COCK DOWN MY THROAT & SPUNK
00 592 249 067

LISTEN TO ME STICK MY 12" DILDO IN EVERY HOLE
00 592 249 022

TIE ME DOWN & FUCK ME FROM BEHIND
00 592 249 044

PUT YOUR TONGUE UP MY A*SE
00 592 249 069

AMERICAN COLLEGE GIRL INSERTING A CUCUMBER & FINGERING HER ARSE
00 592 249 058

WE 2 GIRLS WILL LICK & SUCK YOUR COCK & SWALLOW EVERY DROP
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1718

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WAITRESS GIVES YOU A BLOWJOB!
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SHAG ME WITH A VIBRATOR!
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SISTER-IN-LAW SHAFTED FROM BEHIND!
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00 592 249 031

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00 592 249 060

30 SECOND EJACULATION
00 592 249 015

F**K ME GOOD FROM BEHIND
00 592 249 017

LET ME TIT WANK YOUR THROBBING COCK
00 592 249 012

I'LL SPRAY YOU WITH MY P**S
00 592 249 066

SHAFT MY TIGHT WET JUICY FANNY
00 592 249 014

SMELL, THEN WEAR MY KNICKERS
00 592 249 025

I'LL SUCK YOUR THICK MEAT & SWALLOW YOUR SPUNK
00 592 249 019

I'M CLAD IN RUBBER & LEATHER AND I WANT YOUR COCK
00 592 249 057

WANK WHILE I SPANK YOUR ARSE
00 592 249 041

I'LL SHOWER YOUR FACE & BODY
00 592 249 064

SHOVE IT UP ME & SHOOT INSIDE
00 592 249 013

LICK MY RING PIECE
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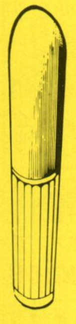

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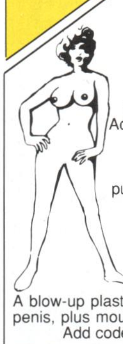

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A blow-up plastic doll with erect 7½" penis, plus mouth and rear openings
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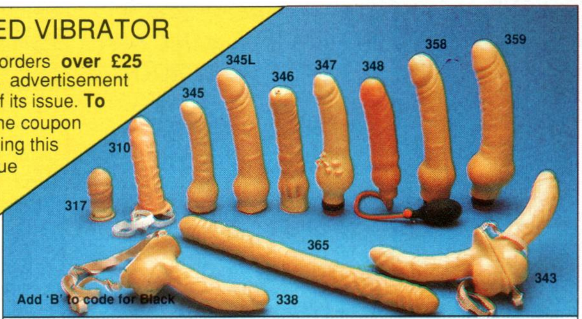

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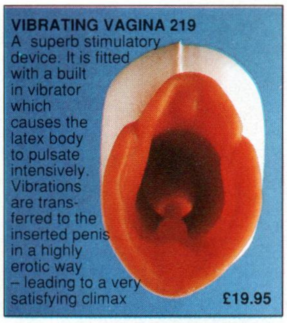

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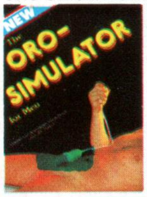

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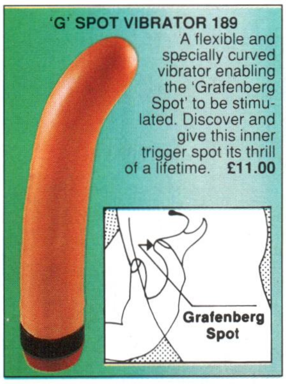

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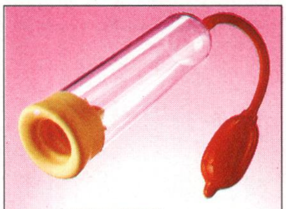

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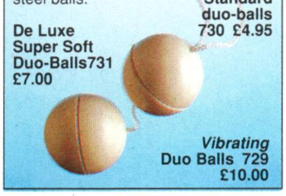

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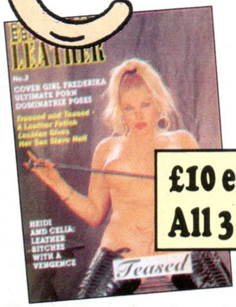

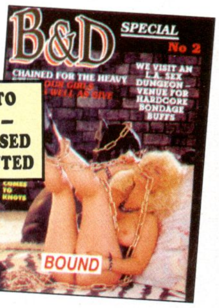

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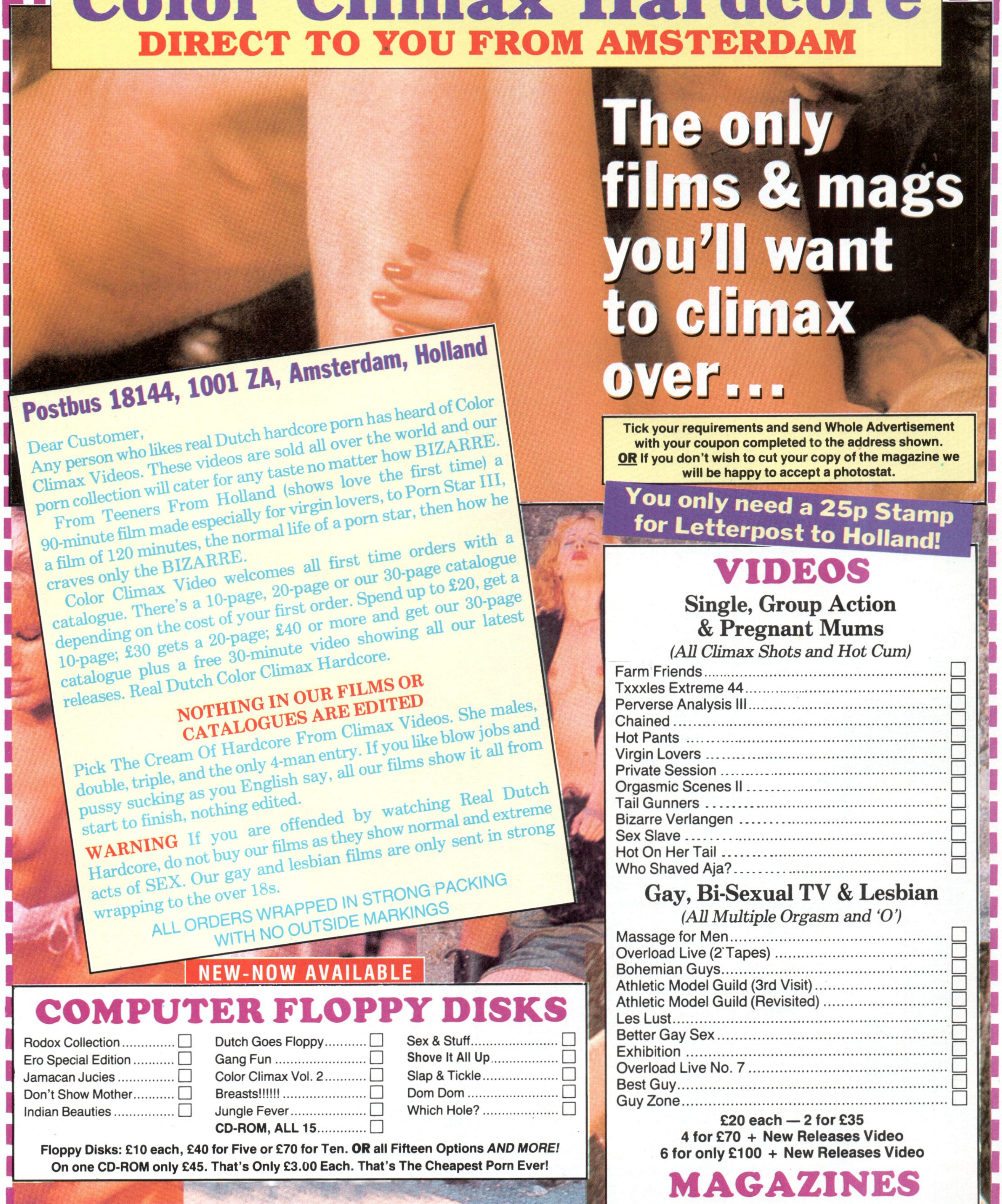

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SPUNK Tony wants to wank over you in 30 seconds.
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WARM CUM Tony wants to wank over you in 30 seconds while you wank your cock!
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FROM BEHIND Give me your hot throbbing cock from behind while your mates watch
001 809 4961 222

BENT OVER Kate will bend over for you to stick your cock up her fanny. Totally explicit.
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COLLEGE GIRLS Hear what college girls do with cucumbers after lights out. Hard talk.
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HUBBY WATCHES Sharon wants anyone to fuck her as long as her hubby can watch and wank
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USE ME To wank over in 30 seconds and then tell me to fuck off. You won't believe your ears. Nothing cut!
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NO CON. 30 SECOND
W-A-N-K

001 809 4961 241

CUM ALL OVER ME.
THE REAL THING

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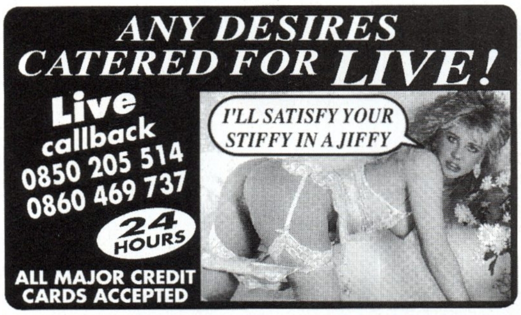

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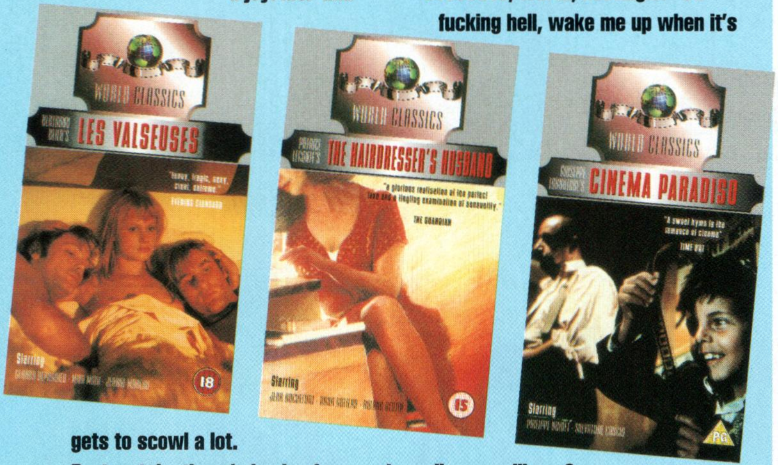
Specs on for a post-pub sesh with vid reviewer **Dean Isherwood** and a bunch of sub-titled 'classics' from Tartan...

Les Valseuses
Tartan Video
Certificate: 18

Any film with Gerard Depardieu is good for getting a babe into bed. Face it, the moment a girl spies his so-called hunky chest she goes all gooey and is up for anything. Especially as this film was made in the 70s when the French fuckwit was in his so-called prime. He plays a joyrider and gets to scowl a lot.



Fortunately, there's loads of sex and violence to keep you from nodding off while she's busy drooling.

Yeah, you might have to listen to your babe wittering on about another man for an hour or so but if she gives you a good shag, who fucking cares?

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

The Hairdresser's Husband
Tartan Video
Certificate: 15

Watch out when people slap the word erotic on video sleeves. It usually means the odd glimpse of stocking and cleavage, and that's all you get. No tits, no arse and if there's any shagging it's a quick-fumble-in-the-dark job. This film isn't actually that bad, featuring as it does, a fine, fine pair of French breasts, but it's certainly no brilliant *Betty Blue*.

A bald French bloke manages to bed and wed tasty hairdresser Anna Galiena, and that's about it. I'm surprised her salon doesn't go bust with all the nice kissing they get up to. But the lack of plot does mean this film is fine for watching even when you're too pissed to read the subtitles.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

Cinema Paradiso
Tartan Video
Certificate: PG

"A poignant tale of a young boy's love affair with the cinema. . . evocative, warm, nostalgic." Oh fucking hell, wake me up when it's all over will you?

This is the kind of art film that bores me limp. It's all so bloody nice. Where's the gore-splattered screen and the cheap shag scenes? Nowhere. Instead there's a snotty brat, panoramic views and a knackered old cinema where the brat goes 'cos he's got nothing better to do. Well, I have. Even wanking over Virginia Bottomley would be less of a waste of time than this. Arty saddoes or even your mother might be impressed if you say you've seen this toss but, really, it's not worth the bother. By the way, Barry Norman loves it. What more reason do I need for rubbishing it?

Rating: ✓✓ ♣

RATINGS
unmissable, a classic ✓✓✓✓✓✓
definitely worth watching ✓✓✓✓✓
fairly good ✓✓✓✓
average ✓✓✓
yawn, fast forward ✓✓
appalling ✓

in the bag

continued from page 5

and, with one final thrust, I pulled my cock out and shot my load all over Clara's stomach and tits.

Michelle and Clara then got stuck into each other again; their bodies were coated in sticky spunk and they delighted in lapping up every drop. I watched as Michelle and Clara brought each other to orgasm after orgasm, and Steve and Terry managed to capture the lot on film. They've promised to send us a copy of the photographs just as soon as they are developed – and they've asked the girls down for a repeat performance any time. I think both girls are very keen on the idea! – *Andy, South Kent*

MY NAUGHTY NIGHT

I've recently had my first taste of lesbian sex and I thought I'd write in to Club and tell your readers all about it. My name is Felicity, I'm 22 years old, and I have long blonde hair and ample 40C tits. I've been going out with my boyfriend, Adam, for three years, although recently our sex life has been getting a little dull. He seems to be content to go out with his mates all the time, getting pissed and staggering in late at night.

in and out

Your indispensable guide to this month's fashionable accessories...

IN	OUT
Weeny wrappers	boxer shorts
Getting laid	getting paid
Cross dressing	crossing the road
Cheese	toast toppers
Jewellery	clothes
Sheep	Guatemalan newts
Adamant	Adam Ant
Sleaze	Easy Listening
Milk	beer ♣

One night last week, he went out again telling me to 'make my own entertainment'. So just as soon as he closed the front door, I gave in to the urge to frig myself off. I rubbed my clit through the thin fabric of my knickers,then I eased aside the gusset of my panties and pushed two fingers up my wet hole and began to enjoy a quick wank. I imagined my fingers were a big cock giving me the fuck of my life. My hands were trembling as juices gushed from my sticky hole. Another few seconds and I was going to explode... Then the doorbell rang. Damn! I quickly pulled my knickers up and went to the door to see who was interrupting me.

Opening the door, I found my best friend Sandy on the doorstep. She's a real hussy who'll stop at nothing to get a bloke into bed. She didn't notice my red face but simply leapt into the living room waving a collection of shopping bags. "I've got a date tonight and I don't really know what to wear," she told me. "Maybe you can give me some advice." I poked around in one of the bags and pulled out a skimpy black dress.

"Here, try this one on," I suggested, throwing the dress over to her. Sandy pulled her tee-shirt over her head and her full, firm boobs popped out into view. "Ooops!" she giggled saucily.

It was then I knew that I wanted her. Sandy and I have always been very close, we've even clumsily fumbled around in bed together after a few drinks, but this was different. I was dying for Sandy to stick her tongue up inside me so I took a deep breath and moved my hand slowly down towards her succulent breasts.

"Are you trying to seduce me, Felicity?" she whispered. I expected her to pull away, but instead she closed her eyes as I gently stroked her breasts with one hand and slid off her hot-pants with the other. I know Sandy never wears knickers so when I pulled her hot pants down past her thighs, her neat pussy was exposed.

I knelt down and ran my tongue along her sticky slit. She moaned and thrust her pussy onto my tongue as juices flowed across my lips. The taste of her cunt was driving me crazy and I speeded up the pace. "Quickly!" gasped Sandy. "I want to feel you inside me."

Darting my tongue inside her dripping pussy, I rolled it around and she cried out and ground her mound onto my tongue. I could tell by the way she was trembling that Sandy was close to coming and I lapped away feverishly. The trembling increased until, with a loud yell, she came. Her legs buckled under her and I thought she was going to collapse as the waves of orgasm pulsed through her.

Sandy then took my hand and pulled me onto the sofa. We were soon sucking away at each other in a delicious 69. My cunt was aching and I was desperate to come, and when she reached down and pressed her thumb on my swollen clit I had force myself to keep on licking her out. Suddenly my orgasm welled inside me and my tongue slipped out of Sandy's cunt as I threw my head back

continued on page 98

beth

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Beth's too sexy for her clothes. Every time she gets dressed up to go out on the pull, she feels so horny that she winds up staying in and frigging herself silly instead!

"I have such a vivid imagination," says the 21-year-old Londoner, "that as soon as I'm in my best gear I can't help

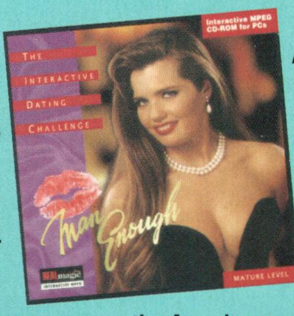
thinking of a man's hands around my waist then moving up to my boobs.

"I unbutton my blouse imagining him doing it, then my fingers slip up my skirt and into my knickers. After I've imagined him kissing my neck and nipples, I'm in such a mess I have to go the whole way and get out my sex toys! I miss so many parties that way..."♣

LOVE BYTES

Club's techno boffin and computer whizzkid **Steve Duresse** reviews another naughty batch of CD-ROMs

Man Enough


Interactive MPEG CD-ROM for PCs
The Interactive Dating Challenge
Man Enough
Real magic
Mature Level

If you get knocked back every time you ask a prospective new girlfriend out on a hot first date, this Real Magic CD-ROM can help you sharpen your technique.

You take your pick from six rather horny women, including TV anchorwoman Quinn (hobby: making love to cameras) and attorney Erin (hobby: phone sex)... and if you're man enough you'll get invited back for some tasty bedroom frolics. First, though, you need to prove your machismo by piloting a plane, shooting people with a paint-filled gun, and successfully completing a parachute jump.

Be careful as you go, as one wrong word will see you ditched faster than an Arsenal manager and you'll have your face slapped in some of the best restaurants in town.

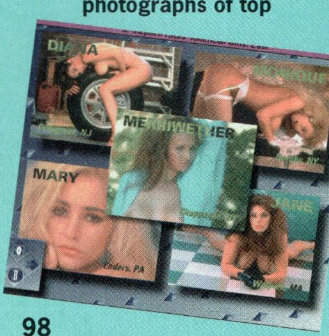
Thanks to the wonders of Real Magic, there's loads of top quality full-screen video, and as this is the, ahem, 'mature' version, some of it gets a bit raunchy.

And best of all, if you get blown out the first time, there's nothing to stop you going back for more.

♥♥♥

J. Stephen Hicks' American Girls

To be honest, the collected works of J. Stephen Hicks, a regular Club contributor, came as a major disappointment – despite the inclusion of 200 photographs of top American models and the fact that the CD works equally well on Windows or Mac platforms.



The problem is that the American producers think that just because our censorship laws are stronger than theirs, we're a bunch of softies.

Consequently, while all the women score high on shaggability, you've got more chance of seeing a pussy in the hard wing of Battersea Dogs Home.

The pictures are split into four collections based on geographical areas of the US. Artistically it's a success, but who cares about art when you're dying for a Sherman tank?

Even a glossy interface can't rescue it and the highlight is the collection of three short video clips previewing forthcoming titles. Shame.

♥♥

CompWorks Swimsuit Calendar

To be honest I've always had my doubts about women in swimsuits (Psychologists may say it relates to an early experience, gagging on the mixture of chlorine and schoolboy's wee in the local baths). Even so, I was mildly enthusiastic about the arrival of Swimsuit Calendar.

This is the hi-tech equivalent of those calendars you find on the walls of garages, advertising a make of tyre or some really sexy brake linings. The problem is that the pictures are largely crap and with only 12 to last the decade or so it soon gets rather boring.

At least you also get a semi-functional program for £25, though. You can even make notes for each day and then print them out to carry with you. If you're really sad you can even print out the pictures. Mmmm... should look lovely on a dot matrix. ♣

Ratings

♥♥♥♥♥♥ Cybersex sensation
♥♥♥♥♥ Puts the joy in joystick
♥♥♥♥ Decent hardware
♥♥♥ Redeeming features
♥♥ Geeks only
♥ Hit the delete key

---

in the bag

continued from page 90

in delight. "Help me!" screamed Sandy and I reached to frig her clit. My finger rubbed her so hard it became a blur and she drew her legs up and exploded in a huge climax.

We spent ages exploring each other's pussy. I must have come five or six times and I still wanted more when Adam came back from the pub. He got quite a shock when he walked in through the door and saw me sprawled naked on the sofa with two fingers inside my slit!

Now Sandy comes over every Friday night for a bit of lezzie action. Adam still can't quite work out why I'm so randy when he comes through the door, but I think he's beginning to realise it has something to do with Sandy! Maybe next time he might just catch the two of us in the act, that would be very interesting... – *Felicity, Halifax*

SHIP SHAPE

I work as a cabin steward on a cruise liner, and I reckon that its one of the best jobs in the world. They're a randy lot on board ship, believe me, and it's the sort of job where sex is on the menu every night!

One of the joys of the job is wandering around on deck eyeing up all the busty babes in their bikinis. With so many boobs out in the sun I have to stop myself from staring too obviously, but it's hard not to, believe me!

The last time I was away on a cruise (Christmas in the Bahamas!), I met an absolutely stunning girl called Liz. She was walking around on deck one afternoon dressed in the skimpiest of bikinis. My eyes almost popped out when I saw her fabulous knockers and she soon noticed. "Are you going to stare at these all day, or what?" she teased.

Oh dear. It looked as if my chances of pulling this woman were decidedly slim, but I flashed back a mischievous grin anyway. "I don't mind if you don't!" I laughed.

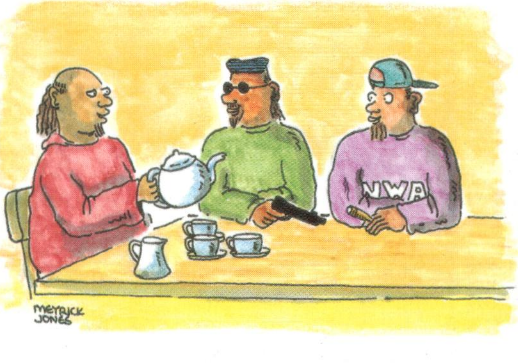
She pouted sexily and waved me over. We got talking and I arranged to meet Liz later on in the evening, right beside the ship's swimming pool. It's strictly off-limits to anybody after nine at night and is just the place for a secret shag!

Of course, fraternising with holidaymakers is a sackable offence, but there was no way I could pass up on the opportunity of scoring with Liz. I crept quietly to the pool area just after nine and was pleased to see her stretched out on a lounger dressed in a skimpy skirt and a bra-top. Liz grabbed me around the waist, pulled me towards her and began to unbutton my trousers. Blimey, this woman wasn't backwards in coming forward! She pulled my trousers down and then released my cock, before running her hand up and down my shaft and nodding approvingly.

Liz pointed towards the pool. "I want you to fuck me over there..."

"It'll be too noisy in the water," I explained. "We'd only get caught."

"I don't mean in the water," she giggled. "Let's do it on the diving board instead."



Shall I be Motherfucker!

Wow, seriously kinky or what?! We moved quickly onto the diving board and Liz began undressing, tossing her clothes into the pool and kneeling down on all fours. My cock was as stiff as a pole by now, and her pussy looked incredibly inviting as she thrust it high into the air.

I plunged my cock into her wet hole, feeling her pussy walls clamping tightly around my shaft and I began pumping energetically, slamming deeply inside her. I felt my balls slapping against her firm bum cheeks. "Harder!" she yelled.

The springboard was bouncing up and down every time I rammed into Liz, and we began inching further down the board! I reached around and started fondling her heavy tits as I pushed forward and rotated my hips, penetrating deeply inside Liz. She shuddered all over as a huge orgasm flooded every inch of her body. That set me off and I came too.

With one final thrust, I slammed into Liz... and we both toppled off the board and into the water! Well, that certainly cooled down our passion for a little while, although we soon headed back to Liz's cabin to dry off and start shagging again! During that two week cruise, I fucked Liz like crazy at every available opportunity. She's decided to come back for another cruise in summer – I can hardly wait! – *Jim, Harwich* ♣

COMING IN

club

THE 'BETTER THAN A NIGHT BETWEEN CHRISTY TURLINGTON'S LEGS' ISSUE*

* Not that we'd know, of course.

It's a free country. You are quite at liberty to buy any one of the many men's magazines next month. But why bother when everything you could possibly want is in Club? We're the home of horny women. Don't deprive yourself of the sexiest experience in the world, choose Club every time. But, hey! It's up to you. ♣

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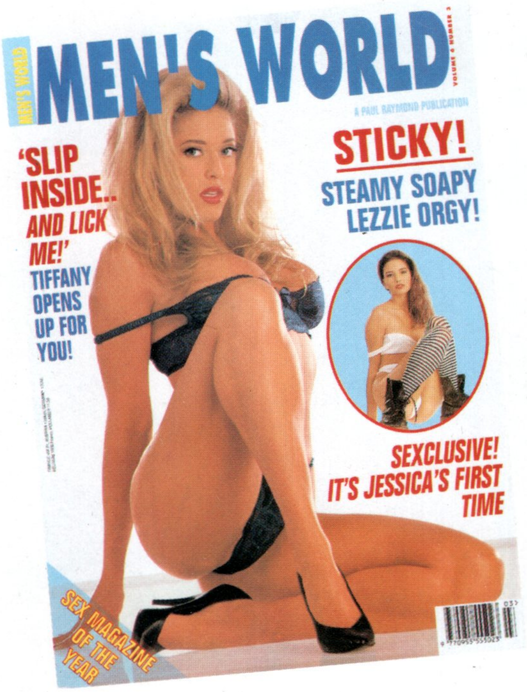
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